

THE NORTHFIELD PRESS

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 18.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.: FRIDAY OCTOBER 29, 1909.

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That it is hard to beat.

We carry the famous "Ball Brand" Mishawaka Rubber Goods and have 50 cases of first quality rubbers and knit boots ready to unpack when cold weather arrives.

Horse Blankets in all grades, from the cheap cotton ones at 90c to the All Wool kind at \$7.50.

A. W. Proctor
Proctor Block, Northfield

NORTHFIELD

Mrs. Combs is the guest of Mrs. Oscar Slate.

Mr. Henry S. Ball is spending a week in New Haven, Conn.

Charles Linsley reached Northfield last Saturday from the west.

Patronize our advertisers. They represent the progressive element of the town.

Mrs. A. L. Carpenter has for her guest Miss Bertha Bragg of Sandy Hill, N. Y.

Mrs. Elliott W. Brown and Miss G. Belle Woolcott spent Wednesday in Springfield.

Mrs. Martha Hall closed her house yesterday and went to Athol to spend the winter.

Mrs. C. A. Ware is home again after spending some days visiting friends out of town.

Mrs. Ide of Milford, Mass., has been the guest of Miss Emma Alexander the past week.

Dr. Pentecost leave town tomorrow for Boston, where he will begin his winter's work on Sunday.

Town Clerk George Pierce of Greenfield has issued hunters' licenses to 16 applicants from Northfield.

Mrs. Fred W. Doane is spending a few days in Williamstown with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Bridges.

Mr. and Mrs. Reed of Maple street went to Athol last Tuesday to spend the winter with her niece, Mrs. Robins.

Mrs. Albert Stratton has been entertaining her two sisters lately, Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Atwood of Warwick.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Blake and child are expected soon to spend a month with Mrs. Blake's mother, Mrs. J. W. Field.

Mrs. John Reed and little son of Brattleboro, Vt., have been visiting Mrs. Reed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Clark.

The body of Jennie Lord Keniston, who died at her home in Hinsdale, N. H., was brought to Northfield for burial.

Time is money. Rubber stamps are time-savers. All sorts and sizes at the office of the PRESS, Proctor block, at moderate cost.

An inspection of the Sons of Veterans' Auxiliary will be held on Nov. 11. Mrs. Lillian F. Burnham of Springfield will officiate.

Mrs. Jennie Whitmore is showing a new and full line of fancy and tailored shirtwaists. Prices to suit all purses. Inspection invited.—Adv't.

Miss Gerda Huntton, one of the teachers in our public schools, left yesterday for her home in Bedford, N. H., for three days' leave of absence.

Mrs. Bessie Quin and her two sons, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Kidder for a short visit, have returned to their home in Williamsville, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Herrick from West Brattleboro, Vt., have moved to Northfield to make their home with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Johnson.

Another good time husking bee was held at Fred Proctor's barn on Wednesday evening, followed by an oyster supper and dance at Sons of Veterans' hall.

A sunflower, self planted, on Merrill Moore's place, reached the colossal dimensions of 18 feet in height and over 17 inches in diameter. It yielded two quarts of seed.

The schools are closed today in order to allow the teachers to attend the Franklin County Teachers' association at Greenfield. Exams were held Wednesday and yesterday.

Mrs. Harriet Holton, a native of this town, now residing in Westerly, Rhode Island, is reported seriously ill. Her many friends in this vicinity will remember her as among the best of their former neighbors.

Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Newton, with their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burke of New Haven, motored to Keene, N. H., on Wednesday. Their contemplated trip to the White Mountains had to be deferred on account of bad roads.

John Phelps is hunting in the woods, and has not yet been reached with news of Mr. C. A. Linsley's death. Mrs. Phelps is in town, and expects to occupy the house which reverted to her and her brother under her mother's will on the death of Mr. Linsley.

Among those who attended the ex-

emplification of the ritualistic work of the Sons of Veterans' auxiliary given in Springfield last Friday evening were Miss Daisy Dickinson, Mrs. Emma Bigelow, Mrs. Jennie Proctor, Mrs. Eunice Jackson, Miss Gertrude Ball, Mrs. May Cummings and Mrs. Marion Proctor.

Mr. Kidder is planning to erect a 7-room cottage with modern improvements on the Parker street lot. He has bought the plans, and purposes to boss the carpenter work himself, hiring one or two carpenters in addition to his own men, whom he can thus keep over winter. Mr. Kidder formerly spent three years at carpentering. He hopes to have the outside of the new home built inside three or four weeks.

RUSSELL-BELDING WEDDING.

Carrie Rich Russell and John Benjamin Belding were united in marriage on Wednesday last, October 27, at 2 p. m. at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Russell, on Maple street. Rev. D. M. Wilson officiated. It was a quiet wedding, the bridal couple being unattended. The double ring service was used.

The bride was gowned in white batiste, and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Her only ornament was a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. She was the recipient of many beautiful presents in silver, cut glass, books and things to wear.

The decorations of the bridal parlor were cut flowers and autumn leaves. After the ceremony light refreshments were served.

The newly-weds left by the afternoon train for the South, being driven to South Vernon by Frank Evans, the bride's brother-in-law, in his auto, to which were appended old shoes and other appropriate emblems of the happy occasion. Mrs. Belding wore a travelling suit of dark blue, with hat to match. They will be gone for a week or more, visiting Springfield, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, after which they will return for a few days' visit before leaving for their home in Sicamous Junction, British Columbia, where Mr. Belding is station agent and telegraph operator.

The bride is much beloved by the townspeople. She has been a popular teacher in Northfield and Millers Falls for 13 years. While here she was an earnest worker and Sunday school teacher in the Unitarian church. Mr. Belding formerly belonged to this vicinity, and has been three years at Sicamous Junction, a promising western town.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

The athletic committee of Co. A, Boys' Brigade, make the following announcement for work on dull nights: 7 to 7.30, practice work by the younger boys known as squad B; 7.30 to 7.45, rest and preparation for drill; 7.45 to 8.45, military drill; 8.45 to 9, rest, members of squad B expected to go home; 9 to 9.45, practice by older members of squad A.

No member shall be allowed to wear his uniform while practicing athletics.

A fine program is being arranged for the athletic meeting between the Mt. Hermon students and members of Co. A, on Nov. 29.

AUTO ASSOCIATION FORMED.

At a well attended meeting held last Tuesday evening at the Weldon at Greenfield, the Franklin County Automobile association was organized. The committee on by-laws reported by-laws which were adopted. The posting of roads in Buckland was condemned, and it is probable that the association will be represented at the hearing in Boston next Wednesday to protest against the closing of roads.

The organization starts off with a membership of about 100, and this will probably be considerably increased. The membership fee is \$1 and the dues \$2 per year. The association will secure suitable rooms for club purposes.

These officers were elected: President, Rev. C. W. Merriam; vice-president, Dr. J. C. O'Brien; secretary and clerk, Dr. E. L. Major; treasurer, A. B. Allen; directors, J. F. Thurber of Shelburne Falls, Porter Farwell of Turners Falls, J. W. Chapin of Bernardston, A. G. Moody of Northfield, L. D. Potter, H. J. Field, W. N. Snow.

SOUTH VERMONT

Mrs. Thomas is spending the week with W. J. Weatherhead. Mr. and Mrs. Walter C. O'Brien moved into Roswell Russell's house. George H. Thomas and family are over-Sunday guests at C. H. Thomas. Mrs. George Thomas of Northfield is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Woodward.

Mrs. J. A. Woodward has returned from her visit of two weeks to her home in Brattleboro.

Rev. D. H. Woodward of Brattleboro preached in the chapel and in the hall, last Sunday.

Mrs. Nettie Haskell has come from the hospital in Montague, Mass., to live with Mrs. J. A. Beers.

Mrs. Hattie Blodgett has gone to Brattleboro as the guest of Mrs. Mary Frost, for an extended visit.

Guy Johnson has finished work at Buffum and Son's store, and gone to Florence, Mass., to work in a shop.

The Union church Sunday school gave a very pleasant harvest concert in the church last Sunday afternoon.

BRATTLEBORO FAIR.

The Valley fair held at Brattleboro last month will show a profit of approximately \$800 according to figures compiled by Treasurer F. C. Adams. The total receipts were about \$14,000, \$600 less than last year's receipts. This year's receipts include three interesting items: Midway, \$1,250; cattle and horse entry fees, \$327; poultry entry fees, \$368. Last year the midway receipts were a trifle under \$900, while there was no income from the horse, cattle and poultry departments.

The following comparative table of departmental expenses will be found interesting, the figures of this year being subject to slight changes:

	1908	1909
Improvements and repairs	\$1,367	\$496
Labor	970	1,211
Publicity, printing and postage	1,624	1,361
Races	2,415	2,845
Horses	606	543
Cattle	1,211	2,269
Sheep and swine	689	697
All other premiums	2,147	1,781

The last item includes premiums in the poultry, dairy, vegetable departments, floral hall, and the net cost of the dog show. Last year the dog show cost the Fair Association \$486, while its cost this year was \$175, including the tent. The decision not to offer premiums on fancy breeds of cattle reduced the expense of the cattle department approximately \$1000. This year's feed bill was \$828, compared with \$1,034 last year, in spite of this year's postponement which increased this item largely as well as that of labor. The total amount paid this year in premiums and purses was \$7078.45. Last year the premiums and purses, including the dog show, amounted to \$8127.15.

Previous to the show of this year the Fair Association had an indebtedness of \$3,000, on which will be applied the profits heretofore mentioned and \$575 additional received from the sale of a strip of land to L. H. Richardson.

The executive committee has already decided on Tuesday to Thursday, Sept. 27, 28 and 29, 1910, as the dates for the 25th annual fair, which will take the form of a silver jubilee anniversary. The management has not decided just what will be done next year relative to the midway, but the matter was discussed somewhat at a meeting of the executive committee Monday. It is safe to say, however, says the Vermont Phoenix, that the midway will be retained, with the platform features cut out.

THE COMING ELECTION.

The polling booth will be opened at the Town Hall next Tuesday at 9 a. m. for the state elections, Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, Socialist and Socialist Labor tickets are in the field. The Australian ballot will be used.

Osgood L. Leach is a candidate for the office of county commissioner.

The total number of voters in the township is 363. Four names were dropped and six added this year.

STEAMER ASHORE

Vessel Wrecked and Most of Crew Probably Drowned

Atlantic Takes the First Winter Toll in the North Atlantic. Only six of the crew were known to have been positively known to have been among the missing.

The North Atlantic's first human lives and vessel were lost in the winter. The first of the winter, the Bay of Fundy, in the loss of at least 40 souls and wrecking on the coast of Old Proprietor's Cove, Grand Manan, of the line steamer Hestia.

The victims, young Scotch passengers on the ill-fated steamer, and the others were members of the crew.

On November 20 more members of the crew were last seen in the morning in a ship's boat, which was tossed and buffeted on the agitated sea, making still more hazardous the ever-treacherous tides issuing from the Bay of Fundy.

Of the 40 persons who were aboard the steamer when she piled up on the shoal at 1 o'clock in the morning, only six are positively known to have been saved. They were forced to stick to their impaled craft, clinging to every available means of security while the steamer was tossed by the sea.

It was not until 3 p. m. Tuesday that life-savers from the Seal Cove station were able to man their boat and reach the stranded steamer. When rescued, the men were in a weakened state, after their 14-hour ordeal. Those known to be saved are: Third Mate Stewart, Second Engineer Morgan, Seamen Keen, McKenzie, Smith and McKivkar.

A heavy northeasterly gale is believed to have been responsible for the Hestia's fate, although it is supposed that a mistake of the pilot in believing he had picked up Gannet Rock, while really discerning the gleams of the lighthouse on Seal Island, several miles southwest, tended to throw him many miles off his course to St. John, N. B., where the Hestia was bound from Glasgow, and from whence she was scheduled to sail for Baltimore to finish unloading her freight.

In the belief that he was leaving Grand Manan on the port tack and following the only navigable route to St. John, N. B., the navigating officer sought the distinguishing marks of that route. But they were not to be seen.

Instead, the steamer was hearing for Seal Cove, between Gannet Rock and Machias Seal Island, over seas which barely covered a treacherous bottom of shoals. It was on one of these, just inside Old Prospectors' ledge, that the vessel's nose became impaled, leaving the stern free in the surrounding sea and subject to the violent movements of those agitated waters.

Against the gale which threatened to upset them nearly a score of fishing craft set out to the assistance of the wrecked steamer. One after another was forced to turn back, after answering the signals of the Hestia, until the schooner Mizpah, in command of Captain Gaskill, was the only craft headed for the now nearly submerged steamer. After an approach of within a mile, she, too, was forced to retrace her course.

The lifesavers at Seal Cove were notified as soon as the vessel was sighted on the shoal, but it was some time before they appeared on the scene, although they launched their station boat immediately.

Curtalement Plan Favored.

Boston.—The officials of the Arkwright club reported that cotton manufacturers in New England representing several million spindles have expressed their intention of following out the club's suggestions in curtailing work, a total of 224 hours between Nov. 1 and August next.

It was also stated that while some of the mills might not curtail unless there was general action on the part of a large majority, many other mill treasurers have announced that they will close their factories regardless of what the action of the others may be.

It was also said that assurances have been received from mills in New York state that they will follow the example of the New England mills.

If the other mills included in the Arkwright club join in the movement with those in New York and other parts of the country, between nine and ten million spindles will be affected.

Tariff Favors for Germany.

Washington.—Concessions to Germany to facilitate the trade with this country when the German tariff agreement expires on Feb. 7 next have just been announced by the treasury department.

Story of Ito's Assassination.

Manchu, Manchuria.—Prince Hirobumi Ito was assassinated at the Tsing-tse railway station here Tuesday. At the moment the Japanese diplomat was acknowledging the noisy welcome that had greeted him as he stepped down from the coach that he had occupied in the railroad train.

Smiling and bowing, he turned to make his way toward Russian Finance Minister Kokovoff, who was awaiting him on the station platform, a few paces distant. Suddenly a half-dozen revolver shots, fired in quick succession, were heard, followed by the cries of those standing near the prince, who had either been wounded or imagined themselves to be.

At the second report Prince Ito staggered and fell, fainting. It was subsequently found that he had received three bullets, two of which entered the abdomen. After fainting Prince Ito did not recover consciousness and he died 20 minutes later.

The fusillade of shots threw the crowd into a panic and it was some time before it could be determined who had been wounded in addition to the prince and who had escaped. When the excitement attending the fainting of the prince had somewhat subsided it was found that three other members of the party on the platform had been injured.

Prince Ito's private secretary received a bullet, as did Japanese Consul General Kawakan and general manager Tanaka of the South Manchurian railway, who had moved closer to the prince as the firing began. It is thought that these three were not mortally wounded. Kawakan is badly hurt.

The Russian minister of finance, Kokovoff, and the Russian military authorities accompanying Prince Ito were exposed to the same danger from flying bullets as was the prince.

The perpetrator of the outrage was not hard to locate, as he stood defiantly in the crowd, revolver in hand. He proved to be a Korean, and with two companions of the same nationality he boasted of a conspiracy to take the life of the former resident general of Korea, in satisfaction for the alleged tyranny of the prince over Koreans.

As the police pounced upon the three Koreans the one who did the shooting exclaimed dramatically:

"I came to Harbin for the sole purpose of assassinating Prince Ito, to avenge my country."

None of the three Koreans attempted to escape. The assassin, while claiming to have been inspired by a patriotic motive and to believe that Japanese wrongs to Korea justified his act, admitted under examination that he had a personal grudge against the Japanese statesman who, while resident general in Korea, had caused the execution of several of the murderer's friends.

Free Fishermen Make Charges.

Providence, R. I.—The Pawtuxet Free Fishermen's association in charges filed recently against the H. C. Roe Oyster company of New Haven, Conn., claim that Bogardus Hyde, one of its members nearly lost his life last week, when he was intentionally run down by one of the steamboats of the Roe fleet in Greenwich bay. The Free Fishermen also charge that the Roe company is violating the law by monopolizing the shell fish industry about the Warwick shore.

Both complaints were filed by Harry W. Kimball of Pawtuxet, secretary of the Free Fishermen's association. The first was lodged with the United States steamboat inspectors.

Bogardus Hyde says that he was seated alone in his little dory inside the free line provided by the law, quietly eating his dinner, when one of the large Roe boats approached and ordered him away. He yelled back his refusal, he says, and then the captain of the other craft ordered full steam ahead in an attempt to run him down. Hyde claims he leaped to his feet just in time to grasp the bow of the big boat and shove his own frail craft to one side.

The other charge was filed with the shell fish commissioners at the state house. In it the free fishermen's claim that section 12 of chapter 863 of the Rhode Island general laws marks a line from Warwick Neck light to Po-jack Point at Potowomut neck, inside of which the free fishermen are allowed to fish. The Pawtuxet fishermen say that the Roe fleet has been violating this law by planting stakes west of this line. They ask that the navigators be ordered off the free fishermen's grounds at once.

The details of both cases will not be given out, it is stated until the charges are heard.

Slayer in Insane Asylum.

Plymouth, Mass.—Lawrence B. Nelson of Brockton, who has been awaiting trial on the charge of murder in the first degree in causing the death by shooting of Desire Vanderpoole, a wealthy Abington farmer last July, has been removed from the local jail to the Taunton Insane Asylum by Deputy Sheriff Joseph T. Collingwood as the result of a report of physicians that the prisoner was not in his right mind.

CONDENSED NEWS

OF THE ENTIRE WEEK

THURSDAY, October 21, 1909.

Framingham, Mass., town authorities led to suspect wide conspiracy, of which Treas. Lombard was made a prey; his first explanation of his wrongdoing remains unshaken; disputed paper all of recent date and largely held in the state.

Medical Examiner Gunning of Fall River to whose jurisdiction the Tiverton case seems likely to be turned over of the opinion that no murder has been done.

Mrs. Emmeline G. Pankhurst, the English suffragette, arrives in New York; will open her tour in Boston.

Capt. Condon and John O'Callaghan arrive in New York from campaign in Ireland.

Francis Flood dies in Charlestown prison; pardon about to have been granted by Gov. Draper.

Senator Gore, Vahey and Foss address enthusiastic rally in Lynn, Mass. Lieut. Gov. Frothingham, at Cambridge Republican club, says there are no bosses in Massachusetts; Draper at rallies in Hudson and Marlboro.

Mrs. Gardner G. Hubbard, formerly of Boston, killed in Washington in a collision between her automobile and an electric car.

Interest in New England fruit show shown by large attendance.

Two consistories announced at Rome—one in December and one in the spring.

Pearl's polar data submitted to National geographic society; Danes refuse to waive claim to Cook's.

Walter W. Burnham of Providence elected grand commander of the grand commandery, K. T.

Maj. Gen. Elwell S. Otis, retired, dies at Gates, N. Y.

Boy in East Boston court asserts "Black Hand" note he wrote only as a joke.

FRIDAY, October 22, 1909.

Speakers at the Boston chamber of commerce dinner tell of the brilliant opportunities in agriculture and fruit growing in New England.

Collector of the Port Lyman to retire, Edwin U. Curtis slated as his successor and Col. George H. Doty for U. S. subtreasurer of Boston.

Ex-Governor Guild of Massachusetts declines Democratic suggestion that he be a candidate for senate and is given friendly reception at Lynn; Gov. Draper again deals with the Foss petition, producing a facsimile of the signature.

Tiverton, R. I., murder victim may be positively identified as Amelia St. Jean by chickenpox marks found by physicians performing autopsy.

New England men elected to office by supreme commandery, Knights of Malta.

Aged divine healer, known as Chas. McLean and claiming to be the original Schlatter, dies in poverty at Hastings, Neb.

Liberal ministry under Moret y Prendergast succeeds Maura government at Madrid.

Dr. Cook comments on statement by Knud Rasmussen, endorsing his discovery of the north pole.

Three-cornered claims put out in the New York city campaign.

Danbury hatters' trial at Hartford, Conn., consists of reading labor records.

Aged man struck by train and decapitated near Lynnfield Center.

Strike in university of Maine settled and students return to classes.

Senator McCarren's condition grows more critical.

President Taft to be invited to trip in alrship at Savannah, Ga.

Railroad men of systems east of Mississippi to ask for general wage increase.

SATURDAY, October 23, 1909.

Police allege that checks drawn payable to the town of Framingham, Mass., were deposited to credit of Cummings.

Senator Patrick H. McCarren of Brooklyn died at 1.15 o'clock this morning.

Claimant in Russell will case flees from Malone, N. Y., to escape detectives.

Wilfred Thibault, who has been held in connection with Tiverton mystery, discharged; mother and sister positively identify body as that of Amelia St. Jean.

William H. Gallinger, eldest son of U. S. Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, dead in New York.

New England fruit show likely to lead to formation of a general association for the district.

Everett W. Pecker, a Lynn, Mass., shoe manufacturer, dies as result of an automobile accident at Savage, Md.

Jeffries comes back to America fit and ready to fight Johnson.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, English militant suffragist, speaks in Tremont Temple, Boston.

Miss E. F. Emmons, for more than 50 years a Boston school teacher, dead.

MONDAY, October 25, 1909.

U. S. Supreme Court Justice Rufus W. Peckham dead at his summer home in Coolmore, N. Y.

"Doctor" William Key, original owner of famous trained horse "Beautiful Jim Key," dead in Shelbyville, Tenn. Archbishop O'Connell of Massachusetts, emphasizes his policy of smaller churches and communities.

Col. John D. Hopkins, theatrical manager, dead in St. Louis.

Clerks on N. Y., N. H. & H. to vote this week on proposal to strike to enforce demands.

Japanese delegation visits the grave of Commodore Perry; visits made in Boston upon return from Newport, A. I., to museum of fine arts and public library; reception at the Vendome.

Panama canal about two-thirds dug. Col. Roosevelt hunting in man-eating lion district.

Gloucester man reported drowned seeks shelter in Salem in exhausted condition.

New England fruit show closes with satisfying results.

Dr. Cook to give free lectures in Montana.

Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., meets Archbishop O'Connell and dines with A. Shuman at Beverly, Mass.

Sloop yacht Catherine wrecked on Hardings ledge.

Nicaraguan rebels defeat Zelaya's forces near Boca San Carlos and are now in control of entire Atlantic coast.

Funeral of Representative Nathan B. Foster at Rockland, Mass.

Body of murdered woman found in brook in Shelton, Conn.

Fowler challenges Aldrich's joint debate on central bank proposal.

William H. Short of New York wounds his chorus girl wife and kills himself at the union station in Washington.

TUESDAY, October 26, 1909.

Meeting at Tremont temple, Boston, addressed by T. P. O'Connor, M. P., contributes \$10,000 to the Irish cause.

President Taft leaves St. Louis on river to New Orleans, after day in which both he and Speaker Cannon pledge themselves to waterways improvement.

Frederick Gebhardt confesses to killing Anna Luther at Islip, L. I.

Trustee Hiller of Cummings' Mexican mining and development company says he doesn't know that corporation owns anything in Mexico.

Ex-Congressman Thayer at Fitchburg, Mass., rally asks Senator Lodge to declare himself on income tax; Vahey and Foss in northern Worcester county.

New Haven clerks to be transferred to brotherhood of railway clerks Wednesday night.

Choice of successor to Judge Peckham of much consequence.

Lipton on reaching New York says he is not seeking concessions for challenge, but conditions that will make a true sporting race.

Cook gets more evidence regarding guide Barrill.

Japanese commercial commissioner put in busy day in Lawrence, Lynn and Beverly, Mass.

British and Canadian-born voters endorse Democratic platform in mass meeting at Faneuil hall.

Repairs on U. S. S. Illinois being made by government, it is declared.

Tammany leader offers \$20,000 for proof of "white slave" charge; Hearst ties up ballot printing with temporary injunction.

Lumber schooner Minnie Slauson rescued in Pollock Rip slue channel.

WEDNESDAY, October 27, 1909.

Steamer wrecked off Grand Manan and more than 30 persons believed to be lost.

Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard dead at his home in Burlington, Vt.

U. S. Steel dividend increased.

Sugar trust men indicted on charge of conspiracy in restraint of trade, tried by U. S. court.

Prof. Bullock urges amendment to Massachusetts constitution permitting classification of property for tax purposes.

Coalinga, Calif., promoter offers \$100,000 for Jeffries-Johnson bout.

New England foxhunters' club at Belchertown, Mass.

President Taft arises with the sun to make a speech at Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Mrs. Maybelle A. Beauchamp of Boston, Mass., kills herself in Jacksonville, Fla.

Raphael Coll, last known survivor of old Constitution's crew, dies at his home in Cambridge, Mass.

Cummings' counsel declares broker believed Framingham notes were genuine.

Three firemen overcome by smoke in fire at Revere, Mass.

MAKES EARLY SPEECH.

The President Up Before Sunrise to Talk to Kentuckians.

Hickman, Ky.—After 24 hours on the Mississippi river, with a mile or so on the Ohio thrown in, President Taft arrived at Hickman Tuesday evening and made an address from a stand erected on the levee. As this was Mr. Taft's only stop in Kentucky on his present trip people came from all parts of the state to greet him.

At night the fleet of a dozen or more packets which the President is leading to the gulf deep waterway convention at New Orleans, is moving down the big river with good weather and a brilliant moon, just rounding to its full.

President Taft is finding the river trip restful and enjoyable. On the lighthouse tender Oleander he is surrounded only by a few members of his own party and is the guest of Commander E. H. Tillman, U. S. N., in charge of the lighthouse district from Cairo to New Orleans.

In the three brief speeches he delivered with husky voice Tuesday at Cape Girardeau, Mo.; at Cairo, Ill., and at Hickman, Mr. Taft reiterated his position in favor of deep waterways, wherever it can be demonstrated that the plans for improvement are feasible and can be carried to completion without a too great expenditure of money. At Cairo the President, was followed by Speaker Cannon, who declared that he approved President Taft's declarations in nearly every particular and wished he could approve them all. He still balks, however, at the President's proposal to issue bonds to carry forward the work of improvement once it has been decided upon. Mr. Cannon declared the work should be carried on only as rapidly as it could be paid for out of current funds in the treasury.

The President was the guest of the governors who are making the trip on the steamer St. Paul. He was invited to dinner the previous night, but was so much fatigued that he begged to be excused. The St. Paul was brought up in midstream alongside the President's boat and lashed there while he and his party were conducted on board.

The same proceeding was gone through shortly after the fleet left Cairo, and the President received an opopsum, cooked and surrounded by sweet potatoes ready to be served at his luncheon table. Although the impression has gained ground since the Atlanta dinner of last winter that the President was fond of opopsum meat, this was the third time he had eaten it, and he says he does not particularly care for it.

Leaving Cairo, Postmaster General Hitchcock and Sec. Nagle of the department of commerce and labor, who had made the trip from St. Louis to this point on the steamer Erastus Wells, joined the President on the Oleander. They also were guests of the governors at dinner. Sec. Dickinson will rejoin the President's party at Memphis.

The President arose before daylight to keep his appointment at Cape Girardeau. It was his earliest speech of the trip, and he declared he rather enjoyed the novelty of speaking to the rising sun.

Balloonist Saved Himself.

Newbury, Mass.—Watching with apprehension for some time a rapidly approaching balloon, soaring over a mile high in the skies, the life saving crew on Lum Island off this town, hurriedly launched their boat late Tuesday afternoon in anticipation of having to rescue a lone sky pilot from the sea.

As the balloon neared the ocean, however, it was brought rapidly to earth and a little more than a mile from the shore line. Jay B. Benton of Boston gave a last yank at his valve rope and stepped safely upon terra firma, having traveled the 27 miles from Lowell to Newbury in an hour and 10 minutes, for the greater part of the distance at an elevation of 6000 feet, where a strong west wind was located.

To reach the earth after sighting the shore line in dangerous proximity, it was necessary to make a quick descent, and the balloon, the Boston, was brought to earth, from the high elevation, at the rate of 700 feet per minute.

Colonel E. C. Benton, brother of the aeronaut, and Charles J. Glidden, both of Boston, followed the balloon in an automobile, but were outtraced. The life saving crew also came ashore to make the acquaintance of the pilot who had caused them some uneasiness.

It was the eighth ascension for Mr. Benton, and his first alone, two more ascensions being necessary to qualify him as a pilot.

Confesses Triple Murder.

Kansas City, Mo.—James McMahon has confessed that he murdered his sisters, Miss Rose McMahon and Miss. Alonzo Van Royen, and the latter's husband, Alonzo Van Royen, on a farm near Kansas City, Kan., a week ago.

A long-standing family quarrel caused the tragedy. McMahon killed Van Royen in a wood and later went to the Van Royen home and shot his sisters.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

First Parish (Unitarian).
Main street and Parker avenue.
Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, minister.
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday school, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational.
Main street, near Mill Brook.
Rev. N. Fay Smith, pastor.
Services.
Sundays, 10.45 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish.
Main street.
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, pastor.
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

CHURCH NEWS.

Items for this column should be sent to the editor before Tuesday noon.

Rev. N. Fay Smith purposes to give a five-minutes' talk to children as part of the exercises every Sunday morning.

Mrs. George Spencer led the mothers' meeting at the North parish house on Wednesday. The subject was "The Mistakes of Mothers."

Rev. J. R. Lockwood of the Anti-Saloon League will deliver an address at the Congregational church at the evening service on Sunday.

The evangelistic committee of the Franklin County Association of Congregational churches had a meeting in Greenfield on Tuesday to lay out the work of the county evangelist, Rev. William Anderson, and make other plans for the winter.

Mr. Wilson's Resignation.

The Rev. Daniel M. Wilson has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Parish church, Unitarian, at Kennebunk, Maine, and his resignation from the Unitarian church here will be read next Sunday by Mr. B. F. Field.

Mr. Wilson came to Northfield in 1904, the installation services taking place June 16, of that year. Under his pastorate the church has increased in numbers, has manifested greater activity, and has been welded into closer unity. In a financial way the church has prospered in a notable degree. Gifts have fallen to the church aggregating in amount over \$15,000. The Sunday school and the Sewing Society have also largely benefited by the remembrances of the members of the church. This increase of life and financial strength have stimulated the society and individuals to build new headquarters, put the meeting-house in excellent repair, and to fresco and refurnish the parlor and Sunday School rooms.

Before Mr. Wilson came to Northfield he had charge of Unity Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. During this pastorate he organized a new church in Flatbush, to which he ministered in addition to the services in Unity. The Flatbush church is now one of the most flourishing among the Unitarian churches in Brooklyn. Before that he was superintendent of the New England churches for the American Unitarian Association, and for many years the pastor of the First church in Quincy. During the Quincy pastorate and since, he has written several books about the famous men and women of that place, and their doings. The titles of these are: "Where American Independence Began," "Col. John Quincy, Master of Mount Wollaston," "Quincy, Old Braintree and Merry Mount," and a "History of First Church, Quincy."

People of all the churches regret the intended departure of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who have both always stood for the best interests of the town, and have helped to the limit of their ability.

The church in Kennebunk to which Mr. Wilson has been called is the old First Parish of the town, which was organized in 1750. The house of worship is one of the typical meeting houses of New England, built to accommodate the entire town, and beautiful in its coat of white paint and simple architectural lines. The congregation is made up in large part of the descendants of the ship captains and ship builders who made Kennebunk famous in the past.

Mr. Wilson will preach his farewell sermon in the course of two or three Sundays.

A Chinese Takin.

A Chinese takin has been mounted in the American Museum of Natural History. The animal was captured in the mountainous regions of China, and was presented to the museum by Mason Mitchell, American Consul to China. The takin has the characteristics of an antelope and a goat.

AROUND THE HUB

(Special Correspondence.)

A Tempting Fruit Display.

"The man who does not want to eat apples today, whether he could eat them or not, must be totally blind and altogether stupid. I never felt so much like stealing in all my life before," said a man standing in Horticultural hall, on Massachusetts avenue, the other day, as he gazed about him at the opening of the biggest exhibition of fruit, especially apples, for held in Boston, or in New England, or, for that matter, east of the Mississippi river. Indeed, there were few who set foot inside the hall who were not impressed in much the same manner. All about, temptingly displayed, were apples of all fall and winter varieties, big, smooth, unblemished, perfect, painted in all the wonderful variations of colors which nature uses in finishing this superb fruit. Of course, there were pears and grapes and other fruits of the season, but this was particularly an apple show, and it is the apple that gladdens the eye with its blooming beauty and tickles the nostril with its delicate perfume.

The day was "Apple Day"—not a legal holiday, but a day observed by lovers of the prince of fruits all over the country. The day was established at the time of the St. Louis fair, and its popularity is constantly growing.

The show, which was formally opened by Governor Draper, is one of the results of the conference of New England governors, held in November last year, and its object, as stated in the official program is "to bring together the finest exhibition ever assembled of New England-grown fruit, and to thus demonstrate that New England can and does produce the finest quality of fruit."

That this result has been accomplished, all judges of fruit, and particularly of apples, were most ready to admit when they had looked at the splendid array of tray upon tray of the finest and most luscious looking products of orchard and garden, the barrels and boxes piled in great slanting banks, stretching high toward the roof, and when they saw some of the exhibition branches showing just what it is possible to do where trees are cared for as they should be and properly sprayed.

European Singers Arrive.

Delayed by wind and sea the White Star liner *Romantic* arrived last week from the Italian ports, bringing aboard her the first contingent of European singers engaged by director Henry Russell for the new Boston opera house—three of the principals, the prompter and 72 members of the chorus.

For Miss Elena Kirmes, one of the company's soprani, the voyage was a home-coming. For though she has spent the three past years in Europe, singing at La Scala in Milan and at Naples, she is a Melrose girl and looks eagerly forward to her engagement as a principal in Boston.

With Miss Kirmes was a Boston girl, Miss Elvira Leveroni, a mezzo-soprano with a voice of great promise. She has studied at Naples and Milan, singing at the San Carlo theatre in the former city, at the Costanzi in Rome and in the Bilboa opera.

Another arrival was Signor Ernesto Giaccone, a tenor, who as a former member of the San Carlo opera company was on several tours here. He has recently been attached to the San Carlo theatre in Lisbon.

With the singers came Sig. B. Lombardi, the prompter of the company. He is one of the veterans in opera. He says he has played the game from being chorus master of the Royal theatre, Turin, through various connections with the San Carlo at Lisbon and the Grand opera at Buenos Ayres to serving as assistant conductor at La Scala, Milan.

Besides these principals the passenger list of the *Romantic* included 72 members of the chorus which director Russell has gathered from all parts of Italy. There were only 12 women singers in the chorus arrivals, for Mr. Russell prefers to give American girls a chance to sing in his chorus, but men are more difficult to obtain in this country, and for this reason it was necessary to bring 60 tenors and basses.

A Youthful Prodigy.

Harvard admitted as a special student this year William James Sidis, aged 11 years, probably the youngest student ever at the university. A year ago he was successful in passing the entrance examination to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and wished then to enter Harvard, but the authorities deemed him too young, so he went to Tufts College for a year, and now has gained permission to enter Harvard as a special student.

The boy is the son of Dr. Boris Sidis of University road, Brookline. Dr. Boris was born in Russia and he took his degree of A. B. at Harvard in one year, received the degree of A. M. the year following.

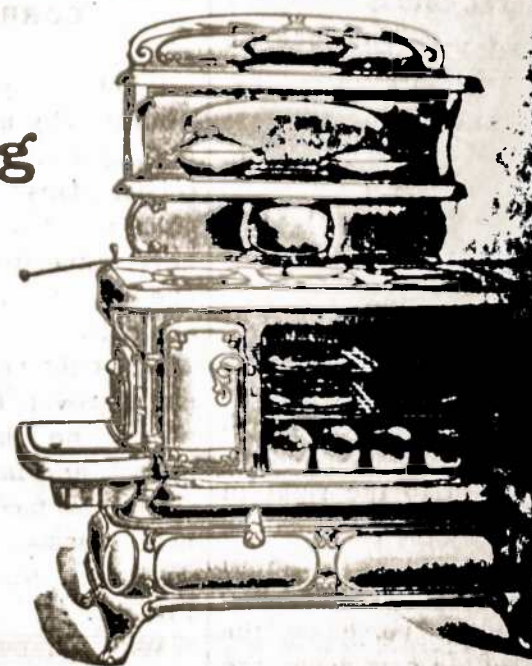
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Young Sidis, when eight years old, could speak French, Russian, German and English; was a proficient student of literature, had a working knowledge of Latin and Greek and was at work on a new comparative grammar.

City Must Hunt Moths.

Supt. Morrison of the public buildings department has received a notification bearing the signature of Mayor Bond of Woburn, in which the superintendent's attention is called to the regulations of that city in the matter of dealing with gypsy moths.

The reason the notification comes to Supt. Morrison in his official capacity is due to the fact that the rifle range, for which the city paid \$25,000 during the administration of Mayor Hart, is still the property of the city. That part of the range, which lies within the borders of Woburn, is valued at \$2500 by the city assessors.

According to the notification, the superintendent must clean the trees on the rifle range of moths at the expense of the city of Boston or the city of Woburn will have the work done and charge the same to Boston. The cost to Boston if the work be done by Woburn will amount to about \$12.50.

A notice is now in order from the officials of Wilmington, to clean the gypsy moths out of the portion of the rifle range which is included in the taxable property of that town.

Brilliant Display in Heavens.

Gathered on the housetops, in little knots along the street and in the parks, nearly every wakeful citizen watched the northern lights one night last week. Early in the evening faint streaks of light began to appear in the sky, gradually increasing in beauty and intensity until the whole heavens were lit up, making the finest display seen in the city for years.

Low on the horizon, especially over the ocean, a broad prismatic band shone in its full brilliancy, gray, green, blue, purple and red blended into a dazzling ribbon of color. Shooting across the sky from horizon to zenith, long ghostly fingers appeared, pointed and vanished, while through it all waves of pale bluish white shimmered across the heavens like the ripple caused by a stone thrown into the waters of a placid lake.

Direct Line to Texas.

The establishment of a direct steamship line between this city and Texas at an early date has been announced by the transportation committee of the Chamber of Commerce. It is expected that the line will furnish direct freight service through weekly sailings, with Gulf ports, while in addition, the Clyde line will increase its sailings to Charleston. It is anticipated that the new line will give better and quicker service for the cotton mills of eastern New England.

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OCTOBER 25, 1908.

AT SOUTH VER-

not and yard at new in such ad- give an idea of the when finished. from Northfield to the right in house, and keeps Vermont tracks all it divides, the as in the Schell bridge, crossing north on the to the new depot, the an easy grade and over the new bridge, crossing the tracks it joins the old highway on the south side of Mr. Belding's house. The third road-way turns to the right on the upgrade and runs down to the depot yard, so as to accommodate travel that comes east over the bridge. The road is 1855 feet long and 36 feet wide at the top. Sand for the filling was hauled from north of the old station near the Ashuelot tracks, and gravel was taken from the Mount Hermon pit. Fencing of dressed and painted wood will be placed in position where necessary. The whole effect is not only most accom-

modating, but it looks very nice. The bridge is not yet in position, but the concrete piers are finished. It is to be of the "through steel truss" type, that is, the trusses are above the deck as in the Schell bridge. The span is 100 feet clear and about 20 feet high. The station yard covers about an acre, and is as level as a billiard table. It will be gravelled over in fine shape. A concrete platform runs from the signal south of the bridge up to the north end of the new depot building. Concrete stairs lead down from the east end of the bridge, on the north side, to connect with this platform. A roadway is provided on the north side of the yard to take the place of Mr. Belding's old lane down into the ravine.

The depot building itself is located just south of the ravine, east of the tracks. It is 76 by 24 feet in dimensions, and represents the most modern plans for such a building. In addition to the ticket office and waiting room there are retiring rooms for ladies and for gentlemen, also baggage and express rooms. Steam heat, and electric lights before long, it is hoped; shingle roof.

All the work east of the tracks is being done by the C. V. officials. The B. & M. have contracted for the work west of the tracks. It is expected that the new plant will be ready for occupancy in 30 days. It is not told what further work will be done, but the old station building will doubtless be torn down. There is talk of the Ashuelot tracks being moved a little so as to get a better curve. Some day the B. and M. may fill the ravine and run the Ashuelot tracks clear down to the north end of the new depot.

These improvements have been along time coming, and it seems like a continuous miracle that accidents have not happened at the time at the different grade crossings that Northfield people have had to negotiate before reaching the old depot; but the high-way commissioners and the railroad people have done a handsome job, and are to be congratulated on their effective solution of the problems and requirements involved.

HOW FAR DID THE CAPTAIN RIDE?

HOW FAR DID THE CAPTAIN RIDE?

Mr. Ernest W. Dunklee of South Vernon, a Mt. Hermon student, sends in the correct solution of the problem published last week, and is therefore entitled to a year subscription to the NORTHFIELD PRESS.

We repeat the problem: A column of soldiers one mile long marched forward one mile. During the same time their captain rode from the rear to the head of the column, and back to the rear. How far did the captain ride?

Mr. Dunklee's solution is as follows:

A— B— D— C—
AB=BC=1 mile=320 rods.
BD=x.
Captain rides 320+2x.
220+x : x :: 1320-x.
x2=(320)2-x2.
2x2=320)2=102400.
x2=51200
x=226.27+
320+2x=772.54+rods
772.54+rods=1 miles, 132.54+rods= Answer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I note in your issue of 22nd, you wonder why no more were present at the meeting to discuss the high school plans. The reason is not difficult to discover. The committee never advertised the meeting, and not one person in twenty knew anything about it.

The only notices at all, so far as I can discover, appeared in the Gazette, where no hour of meeting was named, and in the Recorder, where it stated the meeting was to be held the next week.

Where was the NORTHFIELD PRESS?

Why did not the committee advertise their meeting properly, and call it in the Town Hall as they were requested to do when they were appointed last spring? They had all summer, and the result of their labors was only three plans, where if they had let their wants be known, Boston and New York are full of architects, who would have been glad to have sent in plans in competition and they would only have had to pay for the plans accepted.

One Who Would Like To Know.

WARWICK.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chase is on a few weeks' vacation.

Frank M. Whitney spent a part of last week with his family.

Miss Margaret Longwell spent last week-end at her home in Leyden.

Mrs. Sherman A. Houghton is spending a couple of weeks in New York state.

Clifford Worden, who has spent the past month at home, returned to his work at Hoosac Tunnel last week.

E. A. Lyman and family moved last week into the house recently vacated by Warren P. Shumway, next to the store.

Miss Ella Hall of San Francisco, recently spent a few days with her grandmother and aunt, Mrs. and Miss Jones.

Chief and Mrs. F. B. Pullen of Cambridge, have been spending a three week's vacation at their home on Chestnut Hill.

Louis Wabo, who has been occupying the C. H. Tenney place on the Brook road, recently moved his family to Boston.

Miss Bernice Williams, who has been ill with pneumonia at Orange for the past few weeks, is better, and is at her home now.

There will be no school Friday, as the teachers are planning to attend the Franklin County Teachers' Association convention in Greenfield.

Mrs. Mary Allen, who has been spending several months with her daughter, Mrs. Perley Jenkins, at Glens Falls, N. Y., returned home last Saturday.

Mrs. Eliza Pixley, who has spent the summer with Miss Manilla H. Albee, went to Athol Sunday, where she will visit with Mr. Duran and family previous to going to her winter home.

Miss R. A. Cook has recently presented 24 attractive books to the children's department of the public library, in Warwick, and at the quarterly meeting of the trustees a vote of thanks for her generous gift was passed.

Misses Annie and Abby Stevens are spending a couple of weeks with their brother Joseph at Greenfield. They recently moved from their summer home into a part of Sabin Forbes' house, where they will remain for the winter.

The French government, which already had the monopoly of telegraph and telephone operations in France, has extended its legislation to include wireless telegraphy. No wireless telegraph or telephone apparatus may be set up on French territory or ships except where authorized by the state, and foreign vessels in French waters may not operate their apparatus in such a way as to conflict with government messages.

Receipts from the New York post office of one day now equal those from the entire country 30 years ago.

HEROES AT HOME.

Out of his mouth much wisdom comes; his dignity is very great. The world looks up to him as one well qualified to run the state. He seems to be of better clay than just the common run of men. And we revere him as a man whose like we may not meet again. We seem to think that he's above the ordinary things of life. Yet he, too, has to run and hook her waist, when summoned by his wife.

And he, too, mushy phrases spoke and fell upon his beaded knees. And promised, if she'd be his bride, she'd always know a life of ease. He's something wonderful to us, we sit and gaze at him in awe. But still there is a woman who refers to him as son-in-law. And when at home he nightly goes and quite the glamour of the street. His mantle from his shoulders slips and he is told to wipe his feet.

I care not who your hero is, at home he's very much the same. As we are who stand by to cheer at just the mention of his name. When in his dining room he sits, shut off from other people's view, he dips his egg toast in his tea, the way that common mortals do. It matters not how great his fame, like us when he is all alone. He loves to pick a chicken wing and in his fingers held the bone.

—Detroit Free Press.

A Lion Hunt.

By Marion Forsaith.

It was shortly after my return from Africa and I was booked to give a talk on the "Fauna of the Tropics" to the Huntsman's club at Hillsborough. Arrangements had been made through a committee, and I was to be entertained by the president of the club while in town. I was somewhat delayed in alighting at my destination by an annoying old person who insisted on claiming my bag as his own. In exasperation I finally convinced him by showing him its contents. A grinning porter was meantime signalling him from the doorway with a bag quite like mine, and the old fellow hurried off with scant courtesy. I noted at the time his athletic build, and his complexion, which was as darkly browned as my own. As I walked along the platform of the station, alert for my host, who, by the way, I had never met. I saw my brown-faced acquaintance and his precious bag being borne off in a sporty-looking rig. No one came forward to claim me, however, but at last, as I stood by the curbing with an expectant eye for a friendly face, I saw a buggy coming toward me. It was a low, comfortable looking vehicle, drawn by a fat, easy-going horse. These points I caught casually, but my conscious attention was directed to the girl who drove. Instantly Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" sprang to my mind:

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn."

She was looking directly at me, and I dare say I looked as "haunted, startled and waylaid" as the poet himself could have wished.

She smiled brightly. "Is this Uncle Henry?" she asked in a tone that would have no denial. I would have pleaded guilty to an identity more compromising than any Uncle Henry, with her eyes challenging me; and as I am known by that appellation to some jolly youngsters at home, it was quite natural for me to answer, shaking hands cordially the while, "Of course it is. Nobody else!"

"I thought it must be, you're so brown," she laughed, "though you're lots younger than I expected. Papa was writing and forgot all about you till the last minute, and then he sent me. You must have thought yourself forgotten."

I was too content with the delightful situation to question how I came to be called "Uncle Henry" by my host's daughter. My semi-public character had accustomed me to many affectionate abbreviations of my name, "Old Hen" being one favorite term of endearment, and if the Huntsman's club liked "Uncle" I had no objections, though my age did not warrant the sobriquet.

"Now tell me about the heathen," she said sociably as we drove along the elm-shaded street.

Just then the sporty turnout bearing my fellow traveller appeared ahead, coming toward us, hot foot. My pretty companion with a sudden and effectual use of her whip urged our surprised old nag around the first corner, thus avoiding a face-to-face meeting with the approaching carriage. My young friend was evidently timid and feared a collision. "Rather speedy for Hillsborough," she said gravely.

Then I began to tell her of my experience with one of the occupants of the carriage we had avoided. I must have told it in my wittiest vein, for she seemed genuinely amused.

Then she returned to the subject of the heathen.

"Oh, they compare pretty favorably with the rest of humanity," I answered. "But to tell the truth I was always more interested in the manners and customs of the king of beasts.

You can't hunt the heathen, you know, unless you belong to the army." I smiled at her gasp of surprise and proceeded to tell her a little about a lion hunt.

We arrived at the house all too soon, and a studious-looking gentleman, wearing spectacles, came down the walk to meet us.

"Your Uncle Henry arrived some time since," he said to my fair companion, who looked aghast. Then he glanced inquiringly at me. The girl clasped her pretty hands and besought me with:

"Aren't you my Uncle Henry?" I smiled soothingly and said to her father.

"I fear I have been unwittingly the cause of a slight mistake. I am Henry Dearborn, engaged to speak for the Huntsman's club this evening."

While I explained as well as I could, my brown-faced friend of the train appeared in the doorway casting suspicious looks at me.

It appeared that the president of the club had taken in the first tropical-looking traveler that had presented himself, and discovering his mistake early had posted back to the station with him, hoping to find me, but failing in that had taken the genuine Uncle Henry, a missionary to Africa, to his relatives.

My niece's (ad item) father, who turned out to be a minister, kindly drove me to my abiding place, where I received a warm welcome, though the wife and daughter of the family exchanged indignant and significant glances when they heard of my experience.

After I became engaged to the minister's daughter, which was not long afterward, she told me the inside history of our first meeting.

She had been late in starting for the train and had met the carriage of my entertainer bearing home in triumph her Uncle Henry, whom she had recognized from a picture of him in a religious paper. Realizing the blunder, and knowing that the lion of the Huntsman's lecture (the expression was hers, not mine) must have been left behind, she jumped at the idea of teasing the president's daughter, who had manifested some importance over the affair, by taking me in exchange for Uncle Henry. Reviewing the conversation during our drive I felt that she had cleverly covered her tracks.

"That was a clever case of kidnapping," said I severely.

"Not at all," she retorted, "It was a lion hunt, and I caught the lion!"

"And I caught—" said I, suiting the action to the word.

"A heathen," she whispered before speech was effectually cut off.—Boston Post.

HOME OF THE AOKI BABY.

In a Colony of Japanese Men Who Have Married White Women.

Mrs. Gunjiro Aoki, formerly Miss Helen Emery and daughter of Archdeacon John Emery of the Episcopal church, in a letter to friends has renewed her protestations of admiration for her Oriental husband and his race, and expressed as her unalterable determination her intention to raise their offspring in their present home colony of Bellevue, Wash., where the associations are such that the child will not encounter the thoughtless gibes of children of white parents.

Ostracized by people of her own race and practically an exile since the discovery of her attachment for her father's Japanese house servant, the former Helen Emery avers that she has become reconciled to the squalid surroundings of a settlement which is probably unique in the world. Bellevue is a colony composed entirely of Japanese who have married white women, and within its borders the question of whether the Occidental and Oriental races can assimilate is being answered by unmistakable evidence.

The last census gave the population as twenty-seven, but the advent of the Aokis and others has doubled the number of inhabitants. For be it known that although the betrothal of Miss Emery and Aoki was the event of last season in Orlo-Occidental social circles there have been others. For neighbors and friends Mrs. Aoki has Mrs. Jimmie Tanasaki, formerly daughter of John Potter, a wealthy Washington farmer, in whose home the daughter's name is never mentioned; Mrs. Papa Haraguchi and others.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Uncovered a Jade Bridge.

Recently the water works company in Pekin, when digging the ground in front of Prince Kung's establishment to lay down service pipes, discovered a jade bridge measuring over thirty Chinese feet.

It is reported that as it was a piece of antiquity the company decided not to disturb it without authority, and the valuable bridge was again covered up.—North China Daily News.

The Situation.

"What is your opinion of the long hat pin?"

"They may be all right in some people's eyes."

"Exactly. But we don't want them in 'ours.'—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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FRANKLIN COUNTY

A well-known Shelburne farmer has written a letter in favor of a more southerly route for a new road between Greenfield and Shelburne Falls than the main road between the two towns, pointing out that a road can be constructed at a grade of not over 5 percent.

The night schools at Turners Falls have opened with an attendance of over 100, many of whom are grown men and women of foreign birth, who want to learn English. Several more were turned away because they were too far advanced for the work that is taken up. This being the first year it is intended not to go beyond the eighth grade. Matthew R. McCann, of the high school faculty, is in charge. Sessions are held Wednesday and Friday evenings. At Millers Falls the attendance was 24 at the opening. Thomas Allen, principal of the Montague Agricultural school, is principal of the school, which is maintained jointly by the towns of Montague and Erving, each town having appropriated \$75.

The program for the convention of Franklin County Teachers' Association, which is in session today and tomorrow in Greenfield, is as follows:

Friday, 9.30, at High school hall: Devotional exercises led by Rev. C. W. Merriam of Greenfield. Address of welcome, H. C. Parsons, chairman of school board. Appointment of committees.

10 o'clock, Round table conference, Assembly Hall, "The Boy Problem," led by F. L. Boyden of Deerfield; room No. 4, round table conference, "Modern Languages," led by Miss Harriet Pease of Greenfield; room No. 3, round table conference, "Language," led by Superintendent M. H. Bowman, Hatfield.

11 o'clock, Assembly Hall, round table conference, "Teaching of Agriculture in the High School," led by Prof. Hart of Amherst Agricultural college; room No. 4, round table conference, "Geography, grades 1-5," led by Archer C. Bowen of North Adams Normal school; round table conference, room No. 3, "Elementary Science," led by J. W. McDonald, agent of the State Board of Education.

12 o'clock, luncheon.

2 o'clock, Symposium, "Our Faults, and How to Correct Them," led by Superintendent Edward Dixon of Orange.

3 o'clock, Address, "The Boy Problem," J. Adams Puffer.

Five o'clock, Teachers' Club of Greenfield, gives a tea to visiting teachers in the High school building.

7 o'clock, Washington Hall, singing by grades 6, 7, 8 of the school children, 20 minutes for each grade.

8 p. m., Washington Hall, address, "Children's Lies," Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University. Public invited.

Saturday, 9 o'clock, Business meeting and report of committees.

9.30, Address, "Moral Education in the Public Schools," Dr. G. Stanley Hall.

Special attention is called to the music by the school pupils as a very interesting exhibit of the work of the Greenfield schools.

Northfield Seminary

Thirty of the juniors had a fine drive to Huckle Hill, with picnic lunch, last Monday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pitt, honorary members of the class.

Prof. James McConaghey has just concluded a six weeks' series of lectures on "David" at the bible school. Rev. J. East Harrison will begin a similar course next week.

Dr. A. T. Pierson has given four addresses on "Prayer" at the Bible school this week, in addition to speaking in chapel at the seminary and Mount Hermon alternate days.

Miss Alice Chapman's recital brought out a large attendance last Monday evening at Stone hall. Four pieces were rendered with great elocutionary power and to the evident appreciation of all.

The seminary receives a bequest of \$20,000 under the will of Caroline Phelps Stokes of New York, who died in Redlands, Calif., last April and whose will has been filed for probate in New York this week.

Dr. Pentecost conducted the service at Sage chapel last Sunday evening. Wm. C. Roberts will be the speaker next Sunday evening. Recent speakers at week day chapel have included W. R. Moody and Dr. Thurber.

The faculty were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Schell last Saturday

evening, when Dr. Thurber, formerly pastor of the American Presbyterian church in Paris, gave readings from Tennyson, Browning and Sidney Lanier.

The seniors will entertain the Hermon seniors at a Halloween frolic at Marquand tomorrow evening. The juniors will at the same time entertain their brother class at a masquerade affair in the basement of Music hall. Plans for the big event in the gym on Monday evening are proceeding secretly, but with great interest in the different halls.

Mount Hermon School

Prof. and Mrs. Cutler are spending a week in New York.

The junior class has chosen A. Nagay to deliver the junior oration on Thanksgiving day.

The second of the series of cross-country runs was held last Tuesday. The two leading men thus far are Rankin and Case.

The inter-society debate, set for the 30th of this month, has been postponed on account of social engagements of the two upper classes at East Northfield.

There are now 120 cattle on the Mt. Hermon farm, and under the careful supervision of Frank G. Heylar, both Holstein and Ayrshire herds are steadily advancing in quality.

The tennis tournament in singles has been in full swing this week. In by winning all their sets. Jones and Beckwith have qualified for the finals by winning all their sets. Jones and Burtt and Langdon and Boyd have to play off the semi-finals.

At a recent meeting of the faculty it was decided that football as it is played at present should be abolished from the school, beginning with next year. This step has been under consideration for some time, and as the football schedule was dropped this year on account of lack of interest the faculty thought it time to take the important step. On the whole the student body seem satisfied with the decision.

Last Sunday was devoted to the study of missions in general, and Syria in particular. The students were addressed in both morning and evening services by the well-known character of that widely circulated pamphlet, "Our Syrian Guest." In the morning he spoke on "A Syrian Wedding," showing many curios of his land. In the evening he appeared on the platform in native dress, which gave a very fine setting for his talk on "The Twenty-third Psalm."

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

William Dean Howells, the author, with his daughter, Mildred, went to Carlsbad.

Dr. James B. Angell retired from the presidency of the University of Michigan.

Professor Felix Adler resumed his talks to the Ethical Culture Society, New York City.

William I. Buchanan's death in London, the autopsy showed, was due to heart disease.

Prince Tsai Hsun, head of China's naval administration, left Shanghai for a tour of Europe.

Theodore Roosevelt was saved from the fury of a charging elephant by a timely shot from Mr. Cunningham's rifle.

Dr. F. A. Cook went before a special committee of the Explorers' Club to tell about his ascent of Mount McKinley.

At Rio Janeiro, General Carlos Eugenio resigned as Minister of War and was replaced by General Bernardino Bormann.

Isaac Undermyer, who has been enjoying a Continental tour, finds a strong centralizing tendency in European governments.

The whole east side of New York City mourned the accidental death by poison of Dr. Albert Kohn, who united charity with his prescriptions.

Governor Campbell, of Texas, declined to accompany President Taft from El Paso to San Antonio because accommodations were not provided for his staff.

Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and William C. Brown, president of the New York Central, were in the third section of the Atlantic express when it was wrecked on the Central, at Rhinecliff.

Process to Cheapen Ham

Told of at Packers' Convention, Chicago, Ill.—Ham curing by electricity is one of the new wonders of the age, as told at the convention of the American Meat Packers' Association. The idea originated with J. C. Lincoln, of Cleveland, three and a half years ago. A ham he cured at that time is good now.

The meat is placed in large vats filled with a pickle composed of sugar, salt and saltpetre, and exposed to an electric current. The new method will mean cheaper ham.

The fleet of the Dead Sea consists of only one boat, and this single vessel does not amount to much.

HELPLESS MR. BILLTOPS.

And the Extraordinary Helpful Mrs. Billtops, Who Always Knows What to Do.

"I don't know what I should do without Mrs. Billtops," said Mr. B. "I'd be helpless without her. That is, about things that are unusual."

"My own regular business I can attend to without help from anybody, and other people's business I can attend to, I think I may say, with intelligence and precision; but when it comes to anything about myself that is out of the usual, why then I turn to Mrs. Billtops."

"This year we are going in different directions. I've got her trip planned for her to the last detail, and I've got my own transportation arranged for with entire completeness; but there, for my own trip, my preparations stop. She packs my trunk, she knows what I want and what I ought to have and then she tells me:

"'Ezra, your coat is in this place and your shoes here,' and thus on through the entire trunk contents, to which I listen with due attention, though I fear I don't remember any of it, because I don't have to; she's looked out for everything, and I know I'll find everything in the trunk when I want it; but this is a strange, a new place, that I'm going to this year, and not knowing anything about it I haven't made any advance arrangements for a stopping place there, and now this strikes me all of a sudden and I say to Mrs. B.:

"'Goodness gracious, Elizabeth, I don't know where I'm going to stay!' Whereupon Mrs. Billtops looks up with mild astonishment."

"'You don't know where you are going to stay, Ezra?' she says. 'Why of course you don't. You find out about that when you get there.'"

"How true! Why, of course! I find out about that when I get there."

"I don't know what I should do without Mrs. Billtops."—New York Sun.

North Carolina Peanut Crop.

"There is a shortage in the peanut crop in North Carolina this year," said Z. W. Evans of Cisco, that State. "The shortage is due to unfavorable weather. There will be enough peanuts, however, to satisfy the demand without increasing the price or curtailing the package. It is unfortunate that there should be a shortage in the crop, as the market for the nut is being constantly widened. The yield of peanuts in this country is about six million bushels annually. The value of the crop is about \$14,000,000. Suffolk, Va., is its headquarters; though we have important clearing and shipping points in North Carolina. The vines are used as feed for horses or cattle, while hogs delight to root for the nuts which have not been gathered."

"The raising of peanuts is year by year becoming to be a more important industry with our people. A fifty acre farm devoted entirely to peanuts is not uncommon. The seeds of peanuts are planted like beans and when the vines have come up and the nuts are ready for harvesting, the farmer takes a cultivator, made especially for the purpose, and starts down the long rows. This cultivator is armed with two long knives which sink into the ground deep enough to cut the tap root of the vine. The vines are then shocked. Ten days later the nuts are gathered."—Baltimore American.

Georgia Pine Doomed.

That the greater part of Georgia's pine is irretrievably doomed is incontrovertible. But it is a doom that has been made necessary by the demand of industry, and is to be regretted only from a point of sentimentality. Reforestation for the most part is out of the question, and even if practical would be unwise.

In the first place the Georgia long leafed pine has the unhappy faculty of seldom reproducing itself true to the parent tree, the second growth pine being smaller, sapplier, knottier, and in every way an inferior tree; in the second the pine lands of Georgia have a far greater future as farms than forests. It must be remembered, too, that the great West has practically no timber, and yet its lands are vastly more valuable than the timber lands of the Pacific coast.—National Magazine.

Pineapples in Queensland.

Altogether there are some three thousand acres devoted to pineapple cultivation in Queensland, giving a yield of something like ten million pineapples a year. Two crops are gathered during the twelve months. Most of the owners of the plantations started without capital, and are now reaping about £50 per acre net profit. It is an industry from which returns are quickly obtained. Fifteen months after planting the grower is securing his first crop. Next year he should double his crop, because like the banana, once the pineapple has borne fruit the stalk dies down, and its place is taken by one or more suckers, which, in their turn, fruit and die. A cinder of remarkably fine quality can be made from the fruit.—London Globe.

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HERE AND THERE.

The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago has 402 students enrolled at present.

The Vernon Union church Association, with no capital stock, has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state of Vermont. The incorporators live in Vernon and Northfield. A bequest of \$2000 was made to the Union church in Vernon Centre by the late Mrs. C. F. Simonds, and Dr. N. P. Wood of Northfield, was appointed executor of the will. In order for the church to give him a receipt for the bequest it was necessary for the organization to become incorporated.

A. G. Barnes of Vernon, met with another fire loss Sunday evening. Just two weeks after his large barns were burned. About 200,000 feet of sawed lumber in Keene, owned by the firm of Barnes Brothers, were burned. George H. Barnes of Waverly, Mass., is the other member of the firm. The lumber was insured for about half its value. Mr. Barnes has given Perry Gallup of Guilford, the contract to build a barn to replace one of those burned. It will be located southwest of his new house and horse barn, the buildings being connected. The large mill building near Vernon station is being taken down, the lumber to be used in the new structure.

The heirs of the late Thomas Judge have brought a bill in chancery against the Connecticut River Power Co., seeking to have as much of the Vernon dam removed as is necessary to prevent further damage to the Judge's property at Brattleboro. This is a tract of land and tenement house on Vernon street, near the railroad, which is overflowed by the river. The property is appraised at \$2500 in the inventory of the Thomas Judge estate, and the Power Company offered that amount for it when land on both sides of the river was being bought up, but the heirs asked \$10,000 for it. The heirs claim that the property is the only available site for a manufacturing plant between the Vernon line and West river, on the Vermont side. Counsel for the Judge heirs claims that the power plant is not a public utility within the meaning of the statute, and that therefore the company cannot legally take land by condemnation proceedings, although its charter gives it that right. The Judge will give the Power company a chance to present its side.

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks the younger exclaimed: "I cannot think what has upset that tall blonde man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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LABOR WORLD.

Industrial disputes in Canada during August meant the loss of 108,000 working days.

The unions of molders, metal workers and mechanics in France recently voted to combine.

From 1898 to 1909 the Retail Clerks' International grew from 5000 to 50,000 members.

A movement is likely toward the formation of a branch of the Commercial Telegraphers for wireless operators.

The union working women of Boston, Mass., have organized a choral society for the purpose of singing labor songs at meetings.

Girl necktie workers on strike in New York City announced that many manufacturers had agreed to their demands of sanitary quarters, higher pay and shorter hours.

In a sermon preached to union men at the Church of the Ascension, New York City, the Rev. A. F. Underhill voiced the active sympathy of the Church with labor ideals.

Under the new labor law of New York, effective October 1, girls under sixteen shall not be employed in any capacity where such employment compels them to remain standing constantly.

The action of the Minneapolis Trades Assembly in passing a law requiring its delegates to wear at least four union labels in order to qualify as members is attracting some attention in outside cities.

The recent convention of the International Glass Bottle Blowers' Association, at Milwaukee, Wis., endorsed the plan to retire on pensions all members who have reached the age of sixty years and have worked for twenty-five consecutive years.

Railway Fares Raised Between
Hartford and Springfield.

Hartford, Conn.—At a meeting of the stockholders of the Hartford and Springfield Street Railway Company, held here, it was voted to accept the proposition of the Board of Directors to increase the fare units from here to Springfield from five to six cents. Already several formal protests have been registered by those affected. It is claimed by the railway that the advance is necessary, considering the heavy expense of maintenance and operating.

For Children Home

NICK.

I am going to tell you about my cat Nick. He is all black, with the exception of one little white spot on his neck.

There are a number of trees near my house, and consequently many birds. Last Saturday while mother and I were on the veranda Nick came to the steps and began to rub his head against my leg.

I took no notice of him at first. I exclaimed: "Why, Nick, what's the matter?" I took the cat and he rubbed his head against my leg. I still living, so mother picked him up and warm. He said, as I think probably, "I am going to fly when Nick is not here."

When the bird was hopping and lively as ever. After some bread and milk I found that he had been more than hurt. That night my mother and I went to bed. Dick (for that was his name) a bed in a room and nestled down.

—Janet N. Murray, in the New York Tribune.

GOING BERRYING.

The pleasure of huckleberrying is due to the season, the late summer time. The poignant joys of early spring are passed, and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of early fall has not yet come. Things are at a pause. The hay is over, the meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny-green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams nor a time for exploits; it is a time for—well, for berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall, while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a day that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry, and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, either go alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure.—Atlantic.

WHAT DOGS KNOW.

Dogs have the brains, but whether they give proof of it depends entirely upon our treatment of them. We had a collie given to us when a puppy that learned to do many things; one was to go up stairs every afternoon and bring down a shawl that was done up in a strap and laid on a certain chair. When he grew to a big dog our lawn was too small for him to get the necessary exercise, so we gave him back to his former owner. After being away for three months, he was brought back to see us. I felt curious to know whether he would remember some of the things that had been taught him, and concluded to test him with the shawl. I had it placed in the same chair and room where he had been in the habit of getting it. After he had been in the house a few minutes I said, "Robin, you go up stairs and get my shawl." He looked at me, but did not move. Then I repeated what I had said. He darted off up stairs and came running down with it in his mouth and handed it to me. We all felt like applauding him.

Another proof that animals think was given by a little sky terrier who did everything but talk. There was a fence around the lawn and he was never allowed to go out alone, but in the spring when the ground was soft he would dig a hole under the fence and go on a little outing. One day he was discovered digging. I knocked on the window and said: "No, Tatters." He looked up at me, then deliberately went around back of the house and began to make another hole. In front of his home was an open field and across that was a house where this same little dog had a fancy for calling, and where he knew we objected to his going. He was scolded for disobeying, and finally given a gentle chastisement. We flattered ourselves he was conquered at last, but his fertile brain was equal to the occasion. Missing him one day, we saw him going up the street. Then he went around the block till he got to the house, where he stayed for half an hour, then came back home the same way. Instead of taking a short cut across the field as he had been in the habit of doing, and where he knew we would be sure to see him.—H. V., in Our Dumb Animals.

British India has \$6,912 miles of telegraph and cable wires, which are worked at a very good profit.

Household Affairs.

TO CLEANSE RUGS.

Smyrna rugs may be cleaned by brushing thoroughly the velvet surface with a mixture of corn meal and coarse salt, slightly dampened. Sweep the rugs with a clean broom.—Trenton True American.

CHEATING.

Some new scheme for enabling shopkeepers to steal pennies from the consumer is constantly turning up, says an investigator. Daniel G. Palmer, Massachusetts Commissioner of Weights and Measures, has been conducting a crusade in Boston. False scales, short gallon, quart and pint measures, undersized cartons, sacks, firkins and bottles are only a few of the methods which enable the dishonest retailer to rob consumers to the tune of from fifteen to twenty per cent.—New York Tribune.

DARNING MADE EASY.

The next time you have a hole in a stocking that you dread to tackle, baste a square of net over the hole. Then darn in the usual way. Draw the threads back and forth through the meshes of the net, skipping every other one, so that in darning in the opposite direction there is a mesh to darn through.

Keep on hand for this purpose remnants of black, white and ecru net. They can be put in a small bag in the darning basket, to be in readiness whenever needed. A cotton net with considerable body is the best to use for an under-weave. Canvas, unless very soft, is apt to cut the cotton.

For darning sheerer fabrics wash blonde can be basted on the under side of the hole and filled in the same way. This method must not be used where the hole is in a prominent place.—New York Times.

LAST WINTER'S TREASURE.

A young housekeeper whose finances permit the luxury of only one maid is undecided whether or not to take back her treasure of last winter. The treasure aforesaid is pretty, young, always looks attractive and gives good service, but her "privileges" have grown almost beyond the bounds of reason. She has by pleading and subterfuge acquired them one by one, and their sum and substance is as follows:

One extra night out each week for a dancing class, posting letters frequently, which takes two hours for a twenty-minute round trip; girl callers every afternoon and tri-weekly kitchen receptions, for which cake odors float upward, although for the family all cake is bought. Her work is perfectly done, but the entertaining downstairs makes a gap in the store-room, and the noise of even quiet company is apparent. It seems to be a case of comfort versus discipline, and if a happy medium can only be agreed upon the treasure will rule again.—New York Tribune.



Tomato Omelet—Chop fine half the contents of a can of tomatoes, and set where they will get thoroughly chilled. Soak a cupful of bread-crumbs in a cup of milk and stir into them five beaten eggs. Add the chopped tomatoes, season to taste, and fry in melted butter. After the omelet is "set," turn upon a hot platter, pour tomato sauce over it and send to the table.

Fruit Fudge—Heat two teacups granulated sugar, two-thirds cup milk to the boiling point. Boil six minutes, exactly, then add two tablespoonfuls butter and cook to the soft-ball stage (when tried in cold water). Remove from fire, add teaspoonful vanilla, a few chopped nuts, one-half cup candied cherries, pineapple and citron, cut in small pieces. Cream it with spoon and pour into buttered pans to cool. Cut into squares.

Lemon Drink—Take the juice of twelve lemons, grate the rind of six in it, let it stand over night, then take six pounds of sugar and make a thick syrup, when it is quite cool. Strain the juice into it and squeeze as much oil from the grated rind as will suit the taste, bottle and keep sealed tight. A tablespoonful in a goblet of water will make a delicious drink on a hot day, and far superior to that prepared from stuff called lemon syrup that one buys.

Jellied Chicken—Boil a fowl till it will slip easily from the bones; let the water be reduced to about one pint in boiling; pick the meat from the bones in good sized pieces, taking out all gristle, fat and bones; place in a wet mold, skim the fat from the liquor; a little butter, pepper and salt to the taste and one-half ounce of gelatine; when this dissolves pour it hot over the chicken. The liquor must be seasoned pretty high, for the chicken absorbs.

Farm Topics

CHEAP WATERING VESSEL.

The cheapest and most satisfactory watering vessel I have been able to find, writes Mrs. J. C. Deaton, is as follows: For a pen of a dozen fowls, take a half gallon bucket or coffee can; make hole with nail one inch from top and invert this, filled with water, in an earthenware dish—saucers for one gallon flower pots are good for this.

This fountain supplies the water in the dish just as needed. It should be placed on a box or frame ten inches high, or in back part of pen to keep the fitter out of it.

Always empty water vessels at night and keep them scalded once a week.

WEAN THE PIGS.

It is not a good plan to take all the pigs from the sow unless one or two of them can be turned with her some hours after, to draw the milk she will have at that time, and again, say after a lapse of twenty-four hours. The preferred way is to leave two of the smallest with her for several days, and after that leave only one for two or three days, by which time the flow of milk will have been so gradually diminished that no injury will result to the sow by keeping them entirely away from her. This extra supply of milk helps also to push the smaller pigs along in growth and put them more nearly on an equality in size with their thriffter mates.—From Cornburn's "Swine in America."

THE SILO AND ALFALFA.

Professor W. J. Fraser, of the Illinois Agricultural College, in referring to silage and alfalfa as great helps for the dairy farmer says:

The summer silo gives the best and most economical protection of all against drouth.

One of the very greatest crops for the dairyman, and one which is now being successfully grown on thousands of farms in Illinois, is alfalfa. Every dairyman should have a patch of alfalfa, and this will supply the finest of feed when the drouth has ruined ordinary pastures. The alfalfa at the university yielded more than six tons of air dry hay per acre last year.

The great advantage of corn in the silo and alfalfa is that they not only produce the largest yield of nutrients per acre of any crops, but are in the best condition for feeding at whatever date the pasture may fail, while it is difficult to have a constant supply of other soiling crops in the right stage of maturity at and during the uncertain time of the drouth.

Never, under any conditions, allow the cows to go hungry and suffer loss of milk during the summer drouth, which for several reasons is the most trying season for the dairy herd.

HOG FEEDING TEST.

One of the State experiment stations has made a careful test in feeding hogs certain foods, and gives the results in the following summary:

1. That it required eighteen per cent. more barley by weight than corn to produce the same gain in feeding pigs when both grains were fed in the proportion of four parts of grain to one of shorts by weight.

2. That it is profitable to feed barley to hogs if pork is selling at an average price.

3. That the carcasses of the pigs fed barley and shorts showed a greater distribution of lean and firmer flesh than the carcasses of pigs fed corn and shorts.

4. That pigs fed on corn and shorts will dress a higher per cent. than pigs fed on barley and shorts.

5. That cross-bred Yorkshire-Berkshires made more gain than the other cross-breds or pure-breds used in this trial.

Another test at feeding other foods is given as follows:

1. We can conclude from the results of this trial that ground rejected wheat is capable of producing good gains when fed to swine in connection with shorts.

2. In comparison with corn it requires 8.9 per cent. more rejected wheat than corn to produce the same gains.

3. The quality of pork produced is even better than that produced by corn.

4. If pork is selling for a reasonable price, a fairly good price may be expected from feeding the rejected wheat to swine.—Weekly Witness.

Presence of Mind.

"Well, sir," said the aviator, "we had reached the height of a thousand feet when our motor broke."

"Good heavens!" cried an excited listener.

"Down, down we rushed at tremendous speed. It seemed as if nothing could save us from destruction, nothing. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Reaching aloft, I grasped the skyline and hung on for dear life. A cheer broke from the crowd below. We were saved."—Boston Transcript.

FASHIONS OF THE DAY

New York City.—The blouse waist which includes a chemisette is a pretty one and will be much worn this season. Here is a model that can be utilized both for the gown and for the separate blouse, and which allows



a choice of the new fancy sleeves and of plain ones. In the illustration it is made of crepe de Chine with trimming of banding, and is combined with tucked messaline. It will be found charming for cashmere, how-

Huge Aigrettes.

The advices as to hats are that they will be very large, with trimmings of huge aigrettes and enormous flowers.

Empire Fan.

The fashionable fan for the boudoir is the small Empire style, with hand paintings of Empire scenes, and pearl handle sticks set with vanity mirrors, says Dress. For evening use the very large fan is not considered smart at present; the medium size is preferred. The long, narrow, oval fan is out of date.

Seven Gored Walking Skirt.

The skirt that is plain at its upper portion and laid in pleats at the lower is the very latest to have appeared. This one is smart in the extreme, provides fullness enough for grace in walking, yet is narrow and straight in effect, as the pleats are designed to be pressed flat. In the illustration it is made of the hop sacking that will be so much worn during the coming season, but it is appropriate for all skirting materials, those of the present as well as those of the future, and it will also be found a most satisfactory model for the entire gown and for the coat suit. The lines are all desirable ones and the skirt can be relied upon to be smart and satisfactory in every way.

The skirt is cut in seven gores. There is an extension at the back edge of each gore below the scallops, and these extensions form the pleats.



ever, and also for the silks that promise to be so extensively worn, while for the chemisette, the deep cuffs and the trimming of the sleeves any contrasting material is appropriate. If an elaborate blouse is to be made, all-over lace or jetted net would be appropriate, for the simpler one tucked silk is always pretty.

The blouse is made over a fitted lining, and consists of fronts, backs and chemisette portions. The fronts and backs are tucked becomingly and the waist is closed invisibly at the back. When the fancy sleeves are used they are arranged over linings. The plain ones can be finished in any way that may suit the fancy.

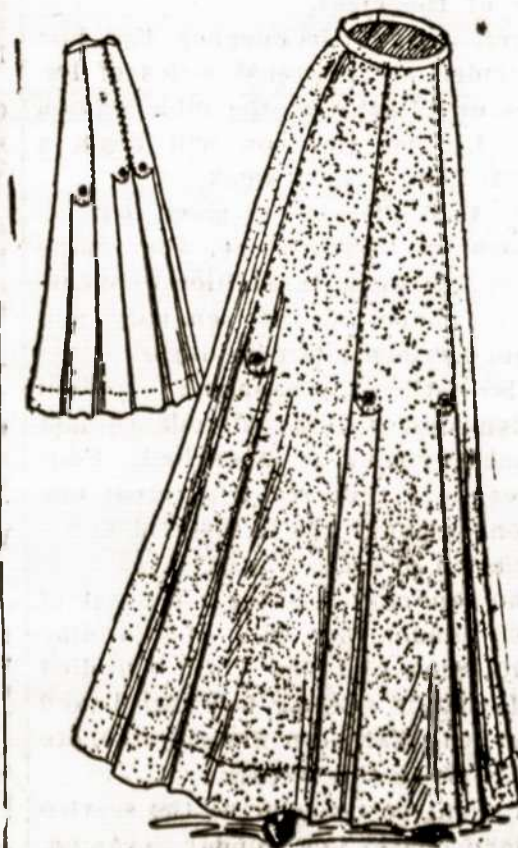
The quantity of material required for the medium size is three yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and three-eighths yards thirty-two or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one and five-eighths yards of tucked silk and five and one-half yards of banding.

Ankle Straps Now.

Although ankle straps have been seen all along on low shoes for children, it is not until lately that they have come into general use for grown-ups.

Modified Kimono.

The modified kimono, which is the wrapper with a Japanese touch in sleeve and banded edge around neck and downward, remains a favorite for bedroom wear.



The quantity of material required for the medium size is six and one-half yards twenty-seven, four and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide; width of skirt at lower edge four and one-half yards.

IDLE JACK.

He Went to Work and There Were Results.

"Marriage between us in our present circumstances would be a mistake," said the girl.

The man looked his wonderment out of mild blue eyes. He slipped his coffee, blew cigar smoke lazily upward and appeared to think.

"Circumstances," he observed, "were never more propitious."

The girl shrugged her shoulders in comic despair.

"Will you never understand me, Jack, dear?" she asked.

Jack smiled. "Why should I?" he returned. "If I understood you doubtless you wouldn't charm me as you do. Ignorance with me is bliss."

The girl fell silent and the man continued to sip his coffee and smoke as if he hadn't a care in the world.

Those who knew John Wood Knight and those who knew of him would have wondered with him at the girl's remark. He was born in the purple, as birth goes in New York. Of good family, with a fortune that made work unnecessary, possessing a strong and handsome body, which housed a mind of average education and intelligence, he did not seem to be the sort of man to make any woman doubt the advantage of marrying him. He was distinctly eligible and had been much sought after until it was evident that Priscilla Sanborn had annexed him for good.

Priscilla had not always had doubts. She had accepted with pride congratulations on her engagement to John. Their friends said it was an ideal match. The man was tall, fair-haired and pink skinned, the woman a brunette above the average in height and of exceptionally good figure. Outwardly they were well matched.

They had dined this night in a back room of the Cafe Pimlico, one of those quiet places within sight of Broadway but free from the glare and noise of that resplendent thoroughfare. They had been here many times before. John had said it was the only place in New York you could get things properly cooked, and he was a stickler for good cooking.

"You can't eat frills," he said when some one asked him why he didn't go to the places approved by fashion. John was very good to himself in the matter of eating.

Priscilla had asked John to bring her to the Pimlico this night. She had said, somewhat oracularly, that they must have a good talk; a good down to the boots talk was the way she put it.

Priscilla was a very sensible young woman. Those who knew her at all intimately declared that her good sense was very pronounced, that it was impossible for her to be frivolous. She never allowed her feet to stray where her head had not pointed the way.

She had been silent through dinner. Max, the rothnd waiter, had served them in astonishment, for they were old customers and usually were very talkative. After he had brought the coffee he withdrew, shaking his head doubtfully.

"I'm afraid Mr. Knight and his young lady have had a falling out," he remarked to the chef.

The chef, intent upon a dish the success of which in other hands would have been doubtful, grunted. "Too bad" and went on with his work.

John had not worried over Priscilla's preoccupation, and even her declaration that their marriage would be a mistake did not get below the even surface of his mind.

Priscilla watched him with a queer little smile. She loved him, she told herself; the trouble was she loved him sensibly. When you let the head rule over the heart romance takes wings. Is it not so, you who have loved?

However, Priscilla had made up her mind to something and it was bound to come out. She stopped smiling and returned to the attack.

"I want you to listen to me, Jack," she said, "I want you to understand why our marriage as matters are now would be a mistake. I have read much and I have observed more, and I have come to the conclusion that the man who doesn't work, who doesn't bear his burden of the world's burden, will not make a good husband, and"—she hesitated for a moment and blushed prettily—"and will not make a good father. Jack, dear, you're a loafer."

"Sure," said Jack. "Why not?"

"Why don't you work?" persisted Priscilla.

"Don't have to," said Jack.

"Jack," said Priscilla somewhat sharply, "if you marry me you've got to work."

"Good Lord!" said John Wood Knight, startled, "so that's what you want. All right, I'll work. Don't mind work a bit, if it pleases you. What shall it be?"

Priscilla did not deceive herself into thinking she had won. She was

prepared for this ready acquiescence. "I want you to make a career for yourself."

"What in, pray?"

"In politics."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said Jack.

"Wouldn't I just make an ass of myself in politics? I suppose you want me to be President?"

"Hardly that, Jack. At least not yet a while," Priscilla was serious.

"But it has been on my mind for some time that my husband must be a man who does something else than spend the money other people made for him. You don't have to work for money, so you must work for fame. I'm afraid you wouldn't gain much fame in literature or art, or even in a profession even if you were to go to school all over again. Politics it is. You'll be a reformer, and with me to help you you will make yourself somebody."

"I'll bet you won't," said Jack. He sat up straight and took control of the talk. "Now, you listen to me, Priscilla. Do I understand you to say that you won't marry me unless I work?"

Priscilla nodded.

"All right. Now I want you, Priscilla." He reached out his hand and patted hers as it lay on the table. "I want you, and if I've got to work to get you, why, I'll work. You are so keen on the dignity of labor that I'll have to go at it; but I am going to pick out my own job."

"That's the talk, Jack, dear," said Priscilla clapping her hands. "What will you do?"

"I'll be a cook," said Jack.

"A cook?" Priscilla almost shrieked. Then she laughed. "Don't joke, dear," she said, "this is serious."

"And I am serious," responded Jack, very serious, indeed. "I am quite content to live the life as it came to me, without questioning the right or wrong, but I grant you the emptiness of my life has made me dissatisfied at times. I looked to you to fill that emptiness, to keep me always in tune with life. But you believe in work and don't want me unless I work. Therefore—the logic is easy—I must work. And I will work at the only thing for which I have an aptitude—cooking. And when I have made a name for myself I will return to you bringing my laurels."

Priscilla had no word ready, so John went on:

"If you could have found your tongue you would have said that it isn't the work for a gentleman. I know. But if you believe in the dignity of labor, so do I, and I believe that any work that is fit for the man is fit for the gentleman. Not that I recognize any essential difference between the man and the gentleman, but I fear you do. Now you know I can cook. Haven't I been the cook when we went to Dick Stallings' camp in the Adirondacks and didn't you applaud with the others? I like to cook, too. A frying pan enthralls me to do great things and I have a positive love for a broiler."

"Max," he called to the waiter.

Max came up with the bill.

"Not yet, Max," said John. "Can you tell me if there is a vacancy here for a cook?"

"The second cook left yesterday, sir. Have you some one to recommend?"

"Yes, myself."

"It pleases you to jest, Mr. Knight." Max was somewhat aggrieved.

"No joke at all," said John. "I have decided to stop loafing and go to work. There is nothing I can do better than cook. Who hires the cooks here?"

"The chef, sir."

"Ask him to come in, please." All the other guests had gone, so his request could be granted.

"Yes, sir," said Max, departing for the kitchen.

Priscilla had found her tongue.

"Don't be a fool, Jack," she almost snapped.

Jack's blue eyes beamed on her.

"It's your own doing, dear," he said.

Max returned, having in tow a portly, white aproned, white capped individual, who bowed ceremoniously.

"This gentleman," said Max to the chef, indicating John Knight, "would like to cook for you."

"That's right," said Jack. "Can you give me a job, Mr.—"

"Pelletier," put in Max.

M. Pelletier bowed. He spoke English with scarcely an accent.

"Possibly," he said. "I will give you a trial anyway, because you appreciate my cooking, as I know. But if you work for me it must be serious. The kitchen of the Cafe Pimlico is not a school for cooks, and it is not a place for idleness."

"I mean business," said Jack, "and will report for duty to-morrow. At what time?"

"Come at 10 o'clock," said M. Pel-

letier. He bowed and moved majestically back to the kitchen.

Jack paid his bill and he and Priscilla left the restaurant. Priscilla was fairly dazed. In the taxicab she was silent and John, having had his say, wisely refrained from further speech.

At her home John declined to go in for the usual lovers' good night chat. As soon as he had been admitted he turned to go.

"Until I have earned the right I shall not see you," he declared.

He marched down the stoop, while a young woman who a few hours before had felt sure of herself and of John fled to her room and cried. She regarded tears as unnecessary, but to-night they came unbidden. Were they for wounded pride or for something missed? Jack had gone without kissing her good night. As Priscilla was a sensible young woman let us suppose that she soon dried her eyes.

John Wood Knight went to work the next day in the kitchen of the Cafe Pimlico. It was a different Pelletier who received him.

"Understand, young man," he said, "you've got to work. Why you are doing this I don't know, but since you are doing it you've got to do it right."

"Quite right, sir," said John Knight.

Pelletier smiled grimly. "Thank you for the sir," he said. "That's a good start. You are what the world calls a gentleman here, as are all of us. And now if you please, we will get to work."

Cooking for fun is quite a different thing from cooking for a business, as John found out before he had been in the Pimlico kitchen an hour. He made many mistakes, for which Pelletier promptly called him to order, but he took everything in good part and showed a willingness to learn that kept him in favor.

Pelletier kept him at it, with short intervals for meals, until 9 o'clock that evening.

"For a few days," said the chef, "you come at 10 and work until 9. When you learn your way about and acquire more deftness your hours will be easier."

John was almost discouraged at the end of the third day. Routine was hard to him. Then came a change. Without realizing it, he had come to like the work. It was with pride that he sent out a filet a la Marengo or a Chateaubriand Pimlico to some particular guest, while Pelletier nodded grudgingly approval.

One day he prepared a dish of his own contriving, a dish he had set before his friends many times in his idle days. Pelletier had a little den off the kitchen and at Pelletier's dinner hour Jack sent in the dish with his compliments. He waited with a boy's eagerness to hear what the great cook would say.

Pelletier did not appear for some time and the more he delayed the more Jack hoped. Finally Pelletier emerged.

"Your dish?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"We will put it on the bill of fare," said the chef. Jack blushed with pleasure. So it happened that ragout d'agneau a la Jack became a popular dish at the Cafe Pimlico.

Max the waiter had taken a friendly interest in Jack's endeavors and favored him from time to time with the gossip of the cafe. When any diners appeared whom Max recognized as Jack's friends he would bring back word to the kitchen. One night Max came in somewhat agitated.

"Miss Sanborn is with a party at my table," he said.

"Yes?" said the new second cook.

"She has insisted on the ragout a la Jack."

Jack set about preparing it with an odd smile. Later in the evening he called Max.

"Did Miss Sanborn say anything to you?" he asked.

"Nothing," Jack looked disappointed. "But she ate and ate of the ragout," declared Max, and Jack brightened. "At least my work is appreciated," he said to himself.

Jack Knight had been the second cook in the Pimlico for a month when he had realized that he had found a vocation. He had begun the work partly in a spirit of bravado, but the liking he had had for amateur culinary pursuits had grown into a passion. It was in him to be a cook. Maybe his great-grandmother or some other ancestor had been a cook and he was a revision to type.

Jack began to dream. He would excel in this profession into which the word of a woman had sent him. He would be a head chef—better still, he would have his own establishment. It came to him as a surprise that he could have a place of his own. He had forgotten that he was wealthy.

There was nothing rash about John Knight. He would stay a year in the Pimlico, if need be, until he had mastered at least part of the science of cooking; then he would open a place which would attract the gourmets of the world. Old Pelletier would be his steward and between them they would make the Cafe Jack famous.

His musings were interrupted by the unusual sound of a woman's

voice. Women came rarely to the Pimlico kitchen. He looked over the serving counter and beheld a vision.

His first glance caught two roguish black eyes, a pretty mouth, half open as if to let out a question, and rosy cheeks, a dimple in each. Later he added to the picture hair of the deepest black, arranged in a studied lack of order, and a hat which was all red roses. Jack, it must be confessed, stared. He became aware that the vision was talking.

"Where is papa?" it said.

"Who is papa?" responded Jack.

"Monsieur Pelletier."

"I'll call him." Jack got a chair for her and summoned his chef.

"Antoinette," said Pelletier, in an attempt to be severe, "you shouldn't interrupt me in business hours."

"But papa, I had to see you, really and truly, on something that wouldn't wait."

The chef started to lead the way to his den. She whispered something to him and he stopped and beckoned to Jack.

"My daughter wishes to know you," he said. "Antoinette, this is Monsieur Knight, my second cook. He is a good one. Jack, this is Made-moiselle Pelletier."

Jack bowed low. Blue eyes met black in admiration and challenge as father and daughter departed.

Jack did not see the vision again for some time. He was wondering if he ever would, when Pelletier surprised him one night with an invitation. "Will you come out with me some night to my little cottage in The Bronx and stay the night?" said Pelletier. "We will breakfast under the trees and you shall see my garden."

Jack would. Especially would he take delight in seeing the garden, he assured Pelletier. But he hoped inaudibly that someone else than Pelletier would show him the garden. He was day dreaming when Pelletier spoke further:

"Understand, Jack, it is not the chef of the Cafe Pimlico who is inviting his second cook. It is Monsieur Pelletier, gentleman—and I am well born—who is inviting a friend."

Jack put out his hand. "That's what I want," he said.

Jack found the cottage and the garden in The Bronx all that could be desired. M. Pelletier did not show him the garden. For a day at least Jack forgot his other world and forgot what sent him into this. He returned to his pots and pans with greater enthusiasm for the work. That Cafe Jack of the future had a deeper meaning. He made frequent trips to the garden in The Bronx. He said it gave him inspiration.

One dull afternoon he was alone in the kitchen absorbed in making a new sauce when Max appeared mysteriously.

"Miss Sanborn is in the back room and wishes to see you," said Max.

Jack hesitated. He didn't want to leave his sauce and yet the kitchen was hardly the place for the talk he knew was coming; but it was as good as any other part of the restaurant and Jack had an idea that he would like to have Priscilla see him at work. So he asked Max to bring Miss Sanborn in.

Priscilla came in somewhat timidly. Aggressiveness seemed to have gone from her. Jack reached his hand over the serving counter and gravely shook hers.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "You see I am intent on a sauce, but we can talk as I work."

"The ragout was fine," said Priscilla.

"Thank you," said Jack. He was decidedly cool and at ease. Priscilla was embarrassed.

"I've been expecting to see you, dear," she said meekly.

"Too busy," said Jack, reaching for the mustard pot. He measured out a portion with a critical eye and dumped it into the mess before him.

"I was wrong, Jack," the girl burst out, "and a fool, too, to tell you to go to work. You've done enough. Come back into the world and to me."

Jack stirred the contents of the saucepan thoughtfully and put the pan on the stove. He kept a watchful eye on it.

"If this turns out right," he observed, "there will be a change on the bill of fare to-morrow."

Priscilla stamped her foot. "Will you be serious, Jack?" she exclaimed. "You have kept up this play long enough. I made you do it and now I want you to stop it."

"Can't," said Jack.

"You mean you won't."

"No, I mean I can't." The sauce had come to a boil and Jack took it off the stove. It seemed to please him. "Listen to me, Priscilla." He was serious now. "It is true you sent me into this, and for that I thank you. I have found joy in a work that suits me down to the ground. You preached the dignity of labor. I have proved that you are right."

"But a cook, Jack," the girl pleaded. "Surely this work isn't dignified."

"It is to me," said Jack. "My birth and money were just accidents. I find more real pleasure in preparing a proper dinner than in any of the pursuits of the idle person you knew."

You called me a loafer. I was. Now I am a worker, doing my part in the world. Of course, I am ambitious. I would be a better cook and in time I would have a place of my own. Some day you will be proud to come to the Cafe Jack."

"There is something else in life besides work," Priscilla's eyes were very wistful.

"I know," said Jack quietly. "I was thinking of a garden in The Bronx."

Priscilla didn't know a garden. "Is this cooking—"

"—more to you than I asked."

"Must I choose?" asked Priscilla.

"Yes, please," said Jack. "Be sensible, Priscilla. We were not in love with me, but the man you thought I might be is no such person. There you have left only the empty shell of an ideal. Hadn't you better keep to your ideal until you find somebody who will fill it better than I?"

"Do you intend to live without love?" asked Priscilla.

"I may find some one willing to love a cook," said Jack hopefully.

"You are hopeless and I have humbled myself for nothing," said Priscilla. "Is it good-by, then?"

Before Jack could answer Antoinette burst into the kitchen. There was something explosive about Antoinette's goings and comings.

"Oh, Jack," she began, and then stopped short as she caught sight of Priscilla.

The girls eyed each other in challenge. Priscilla finally broke a silence that was getting to be embarrassing.

"I think I understand, Jack," she said icily, "why you like cooking so much. Who is this young woman?"

"The daughter of Monsieur Pelletier, our chef," he said. Then, raising his voice to include Antoinette, he effected an awkward introduction.

Antoinette courtesied daintily and smiled just a wee bit saucily. Priscilla scarcely bowed.

"All my questions are answered," she said to Jack and marched out. In due time she married a rising young politician with reform ideas. When he became a United States Senator he forgot the ideas, but that does not concern us.

"Come here, ToINETTE," said Jack when Priscilla had gone, "and try my new sauce."—New York Sun.

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

The General Electric Company has perfected the new tungsten lamps for 200 and 250 volt circuits. This was formerly thought to be too high a voltage for the new lamps.

In general maneuvers the infantry must do more or less work under cover, and it is frequently essential for the soldier to work his way along the surface of the ground by creeping or crawling. In order to facilitate this a genius of Stuttgart has invented a device, consisting of wheels, rollers or runners, attached to a frame or to tent poles, knapsacks or other suitable parts of the equipment. The utility of this invention remains to be proved by practical experience, but there can be no question of its novelty and originality.

The statement is made on the authority of the Railway Age Gazette that with the exception of about 127 miles there is a chain of automatic block signals from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The lines thus equipped make a total of 3245 miles, including the Lehigh Valley Railroad, from Jersey City to Buffalo; the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway to Chicago; the Chicago and Northwestern Railway to Council Bluffs; the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden, and the Southern Pacific to Oakland.

The reservoir under construction for the water system of Calcutta, India, is really a great steel tank with a capacity of 9,000,000 imperial gallons. It is 321 feet square, sixteen feet deep and its flat bottom is approximately ninety-four feet above ground. It is supported on eighty-one steel towers, each approximately twenty feet square, consisting of four vertical columns, properly braced. The tank will be divided into four equal compartments, any of which may be emptied independently of the others. The roof will be of slate laid on I-beams, and covered with a waterproofing membrane, and then with concrete. The foundation is a concrete slab two and one-half feet thick, covering the entire area and reinforced with bars and steel I-beams beneath the columns.

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tague, Mass.

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WEST NORTHFIELD.

Helen Hammond is visiting in
Windsor.

Mrs. William Aldrich has returned
from a visit to her sister in Chicopee
Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Aldrich have
been visiting their daughter, Mrs.
Chickering, of Chesterfield.

The women of the Lend a Hand So-
ciety, give one of their suppers at
Johnson's hall this evening.

Mrs. William Dickinson is visiting
in Burlington. The Misses Merriman
of Northfield Farms keep house for
her during her absence.

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A clean medium, offering news and
information in every issue that inter-
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No patent medicine ads.

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The Northfield Press

SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENTS.

Is It True That They Are Not Wel-
come or Popular?

Formerly a student who worked his
way through college anywhere was re-
garded with approval, even heroized.
Now he meets with condemnation on
both sides; from his associates in his
work because he is willing to do any-
thing and do it cheap, and from his as-
sociates in his study because he low-
ers the tone of the college and does
not contribute to its athletics and so-
cial display.

Many of our colleges were started
with the idea that students should
support themselves, at least in part,
by labor for the college, such as put-
ting up the buildings, working on a
farm, &c. But as the institutions have
grown in numbers and wealth this
plan has been abandoned in most
cases completely, and today we are
further from it than ever and heading
in the opposite direction.

If a student builds a brick wall
nowadays to learn how, he is made to
tear it down again. That is, even in
so-called industrial schools he is not
allowed to work, but compelled to
play at working. It is no wonder that
some of our most clear sighted and
self-respecting young men desert our
colleges every year through sheer dis-
gust. The artificiality of it makes
them tired.

It is idle to deplore the increasing
predominance of the leisure class in
our colleges when we are by force of
law and public opinion compelling col-
lege students, as we have convicts, to
become a leisure class. I see only two
movements which might counteract
the prevailing tendency to make high-
er education increasingly expensive
and parasitic.

One is the plan of the University of
Cincinnati, by which engineering stu-
dents work alternately two weeks in
the class-room and two weeks in the
shops. The other way is to bring
higher education to the people who
are at work by some form of univer-
sity extension.—From the Independ-
ent.

CHINAMEN DRESS WELL HERE.

Nothing Distinguishes Clothes of Ce-
lestials from Americans.

Encouraged by the fall of old bar-
riers, there are now over 300 Chinese
students in the United States. Villag-
ers expecting to see John Chinaman
specimens with baggy trousers and
shuffling gait at summer conferences
at various colleges have been mental-
ly jolted by the groups of stylishly
dressed fellows cheering Harvard,
Yale, Columbia and Cornell. All wear
American dress without cues. Some
who will take official positions will
conform to custom and awe an ignor-
ant people by wearing the traditional
impressive robe.

The majority appear to patronize
the best tailors. The Amherst colony
is much given to Saturday night trips
to Springfield for genuine Chinese
suppers of dried fish and oysters,
duck, lotus roots, mushrooms, black
sausage, and bitter herbs. Here and
there a student regards the cable
as quite a pretty plaything, and in-
volves a bill of \$50 to \$60 in extract-
ing funds from his family at home.—
From the World Today.

An English Opinion!

The two motives which can most
deeply move the Irish party are faith
and whiskey, but of late the whiskey
has been getting far ahead of the other
inspiration. They can support the
budget and even keep quiet about the
faith until the bottle is touched; then
they stand up for the cause of Ire-
land like one man; and the govern-
ment teetotallers give way to them
in various important concessions, in-
cluding a reduction in favor of "small
breweries." In return for the Welsh
teetotallers' generosity to the Irish
bottle the Irishmen help them to har-
ass the owners of property in Great
Britain. No doubt, the poorer a com-
munity the smaller ought to be the
initial quantity that can be sold under
a license; but what appeals to the
professional patriots in Parliament is
that they cannot hold their seats and
neglect the bottle. Let them differ
from the publican and the priest, and
there is an end of the Irish Parlia-
mentary party.—Saturday Review.

Witchcraft.

Perhaps the most interesting of
English trials for witchcraft was that
of the Suffolk witches in 1665, for Sir
Matthew Hale was the judge and Sir
Thomas Browne appeared as an ex-
pert medical witness. The two pris-
oners were accused of bewitching
young children, a great point for the
prosecution being that out of the blank-
et of an infant suckled by one of
them a great toad had fallen and ex-
ploded in the fire like gunpowder. Im-
mediately after the witch was found
at home scorched and maimed. In
spite of unsatisfactory evidence, the
two were convicted. Whereupon the
children's health at once began to im-
prove.—London Chronicle.

The Rock of Gibraltar rises 1439
feet from the sea.

EAST NORTHFIELD

Jesse E. Lyman is visiting friends
in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Holton are
visiting Miss Hausman in Hartford.

A feather boa has been found. Ap-
ply to Mrs. W. H. Brown, at the parish
house.

Rev. W. Fay Smith fractured a rib
when he fell from an apple tree last
Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus H. Holton of
Westfield, are with S. C. Holton over
Sunday.

Mrs. A. J. Phillips is visiting at S.
E. Walker's while Mrs. Walker is
away for rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Bitters and Mrs. Raw-
les were in town over Sunday visit-
ing their folks.

The Misses Lucy and Harriet Hull
have been in New York the past week,
visiting relatives.

Support our advertisers. They are
the progressive merchants and me-
chanics of the town.

H. S. Stone reports an enjoyable
visit at Barrington, N. H., with Mr.
and Mrs. O. H. Hayes.

Paul Moody acted as best man for
Harry Gray at his marriage in Mar-
quette, Mich., last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kellogg are en-
tertaining Mrs. Kellogg's mother, Mrs.
Hitchcock, and brother Charles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Howard are en-
tertaining their cousins, Mr. and Mrs.
D. Pierce, and two sons, of Canaan,
Conn.

Jesse E. Lyman brought Mr. and
Mrs. Herrick in his auto to the home
of their daughter, Mrs. Jackson, for a
visit.

Miss May Howard of Hartford and
Miss Speakman of Mount Hermon,
have been recent guests of Mrs. W.
R. Moody.

A. G. Moody and George left on
Monday to join Mrs. Moody in Illi-
nois. They expect to return before
Thanksgiving.

Mrs. A. M. Weir is visiting Mr. and
Mrs. Homer Smith. She will be re-
membered as the former owner of the
Windermere.

Dr. Pierson, with Mrs. Pierson and
Miss Pierson, have been staying at
the Northfield for some weeks. They
leave tomorrow.

Mrs. Laura Billings Lee with her
two children and nurses, broke their
journey from Woodstock, Vt., to New
York and stayed at the Northfield on
Wednesday night.

C. L. Robbins and A. P. Pitt attend-
ed the fall meeting of the Franklin
County Congregational club at Green-
field, on Tuesday evening. A banquet
was served at the Devens hotel, fol-
lowed by an address by Prof. John M.
Tyler of Amherst, on "Equality and
Progress."

Rev. Lewis A. Chafer's meetings
at Lowell, awakened such interest
that they were continued a week
longer than planned, closing last Sun-
day. On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Chafer
began meetings at Rev. R. T. Chafer's
church at Westminster, West, Vt.
The music is a special feature, each
meeting opening with a praise serv-
ice of half an hour, in which Rev.
and Mrs. L. S. Chafer and Mrs. R.
T. Chafer contribute solo, duet and
trio numbers. A trunk organ, built
especially for leading in such meet-
ings, is used on the platform.

Rev. Adam Murrman is the cham-
pion walker of these parts. Recently,
he walked all but a short distance to
his home town, Honesdale, Pa., and
back. His route going was by Cole-
raine, Heath, Zoar, Williamstown,
Troy, Albany, down the Hudson to
Kingstown, Middletown, Port Jervis
to Lackawaxen, Pa., where he took
train to Honesdale to save time. His
route returning was from Honesdale
to Hancock, N. Y., over the Catskills
to Sangertles, up the Hudson to Al-
bany and Troy, then by train to Green-
field, and afoot to Northfield. The
distance was 300 miles, and back. He
was a week on the road each way,
averaging 35 miles each day on foot.
Mr. Murrman was wonderfully im-
pressed by the scenery in western
Massachusetts. He took to walking
last spring as a cure for acute indiges-
tion, and has been doing a little stunt
of about 25 miles daily all summer.

NORTHFIELD FARMS.

Samuel Alexander of Boston, spent
Sunday here at his farm.

Murray Hammond is home from
Millers Falls on the sick list.

Mr. Casual of Athol, has been at
his cottage by the river, recently.

Eldora Hart fell from an apple
tree recently, injuring the back of his
neck.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rice are visit-

ing their son, Harold, at the Middle
Farms.

Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Frank Parker
of Pine Meadow, have returned from
Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Adams had Lu-
cius Wheelock of Brightwood, with
them recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Wikel and son, Albert,
of Orange, have recently visited their
daughter, Mrs. Arthur Hart.

Mrs. Frank Parker will entertain
the Marietta club to a covered dish
and Hallowe'en party at her home to-
morrow night.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith of Gris-
woldville, have been visiting Mrs.
Smith's sister, Mrs. L. E. Fisher. Mr.
and Mrs. Erving Tatro of Athol, also
visited L. E. Fisher the past week.

The largest transmission line in the
world is that of the Niagara-Syracuse-
Auburn Line, which transmits 30,000
horsepower over a distance of 162
miles. Parts of the line are calculated
to carry 60,000 horsepower.

Mrs. M. P. Kennedy

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Northfield and vicinity that she is
prepared to do all kinds of

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white lead, linseed oil,
colors, varnishes and var-
nish stains, turpentine,
shellac, alabastine, putty,
calced plaster, window
glass, paint and varnish
brushes. In fact every-
thing you need in the
paint line.

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